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Snow-white

Photo: Y. M. Puras.

27th Anniversary

SALUTE TO THE RED ARMY

(See Pages 4 and 5)

Short Story

CARDS ON THE TABLE

By N. Santha

"I was wanting to die too" she said simply. "If you hadn't jumped when you did, I would have," and added with a bitter smile, "and more successfully."

He looked at her for a long time without speaking. "So there were two of us," he said at last and taking her hand "Let us go and eat. I am hungry."

THE bright shaft of sunlight which came in through the window moved slowly towards the tattered mat in the dingy room and awoke the young woman who lay sleeping on it.

Chandu Bala stirred and opened her eyes and drowsily counted the strokes of the big clock in the hall downstairs which had just begun to strike. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Heavens! It was late! She had overslept herself and the interview was at 11 a.m. Chandu Bala jumped up, then suddenly clutchng her stomach and stumbling to the tap in the next room, retched, straightened herself, bent and retched again.

She sat holding her head in her hands for a long time after the spasm had passed. God, this horrible empty feeling in the stomach, she just couldn't bear it any longer. She had had some food on Monday evening and that had been the last. Two, no, three days ago that was. Not a bite had passed her lips since then. She had taken a glass of warm water every time she had felt hungry, and this after three days of it, was the result.

Food, food, food! The very thought of it again sent a wave of nausea over her. She tottered towards the window and leaned exhausted against the window-pane. The faint breeze that came in through the window seemed to buzz in her ears deafeningly. She closed her eyes. "God, how hungry I am", she said to herself, "I would do anything, anything for a little food. That is, anything almost except....Not that. My God spare me from that....anything but that....that last degradation....not yet at least...."

She came to herself with a start. She had almost fallen asleep leaning against the window-sill and [illegible] was the interview at eleven o'clock. Feverishly she bathed her face in cold water, did her hair and started to dress. From an old tin box in the corner she took out the only saree she had besides the one she wore. It was of blue silk and crumpled, with a neatly mended tear in the border. Chandu Bala smiled wistfully as she looked at the old garment. One day, not so very long ago either, this had been one of the sarees she had worn everyday and tossed aside in the careless pride of rows upon rows of lovely clothes in her wardrobe. And now this was her best, one she had to cherish and preserve carefully because there was no other. A tear-drop slowly trickled down her cheek.

How sudden had been the fading away of the glory of that life, when she was the cherished idol of hundreds of cinema fans and money had literally rolled to her feet in thousands. Her name had blazed forth in Neon lights in front of almost every theatre in Bombay. It had all come like a flash and gone like a flash leaving only this bitterness of poverty and disillusionment in her life. It was a hard prospect to face when one was only twenty-six and still had youth and life in one's veins, when one's blood was singing joyously for Beauty and Pleasure and Love....With a sob choking her throat Chandu Bala began to dress. I won't bear it. I can't....I am hungry, I must eat. I am young, I must live....at any cost. She peered into the little cracked mirror on the wall and smiled a hard, angry smile. At any cost, 'at any cost'.... she said to herself..I don't care a damn....At any rate God will understand....or will he?

But in the smartly furnished lounge of the Evershine Film Co., her courage deserted her again. It was crowded with fashionably dressed men and women, who lounged about on the easy-chairs and sofas as if they had not a single care or worry in the whole wide world. At intervals a peon in uniform put his head in at the door and called out a name and one of the smart young men or women jumped up and swaggered towards the door to answer the summons. Chandu Bala sat in a corner feeling sick with shame and humiliation. What chance had she among so many smart people, what chance her faded old saree and unpainted face and hungry eyes to secure a job in this fashionable and brilliant film company? But I must get a part, Chandu Bala thought desperately, even the smallest part would do....I must get it, somehow. God grant this Borelli was kind and considerate....Chandu Bala bowed her head and prayed fast and feverishly and desperately, she did not know to whom....

★ ★ ★

A handsome, middle-aged man, clean-shaven and with a nice voice sat at a glass-topped desk and looked at her with bland and detached approval. "Your name is not unfamiliar" he smiled, "though you seem to have retired from the screen after your marriage." Chandu Bala smiled grimly. There had been Sudhir—gay handsome, selfish, unscrupulous Sudhir—and the four passionate, turbulent years she had spent with him as his wife. The money that had been squandered! The dizzy pace of that hectic life with him and to end it all, that horrible motor-accident, which had killed him and left her with a permanent limp! Tears suddenly filled her eyes. How she had striven to make her life successful and happy! and everything had miscarried, all, all her plans.

She had given up her career for marriage and a home and now, she had neither the independence of the one or the security of the other She looked squarely into the handsome face across the desk. "Things went wrong," she said simply. "I had to come back". Borelli made a gesture of sympathy. "I understand" he said quietly, "Sudhir was a friend of mine." Chandu Bala smiled and heaved a sigh of relief. This kind man with the nice voice had been a friend of Sudhir and that mattered a great deal. Perhaps he would give her a part, not a star's, of course, because of her wretched limp. A small job, a little money perhaps....but that would mean....food....food..

"I do not know", Borelli was saying, "what your particular talents are or what part would fit you most and...."

"I can sing", Chandu Bala said modestly, "not very well, I am afraid because I have had no training in it, but...."

"Yes, yes", Borelli said hastily and apologetically, "but we have so many singing stars now. The public seems to demand a higher standard of excellence, even technical excellence, in films...."

"Perhaps I could do a non-singing part. I am supposed to have, or at least some people have said I have a fairly nice voice." Borelli hesitated a little. "Yes, but you see, I am not quite sure....quite sure if we have a non-singing part....that is, just now, which would suit you."

It is because of my limp, Chandu Bala thought. She said quickly. "Is there nothing then I could do?" Borelli smiled. "Of course, there are other things which we haven't considered yet. Now let me see...."He stood, a tall, well-knit man, and thrusting his hands in his trouser pockets strolled towards the window. "Bombay is a lovely place" he said, after a long pause, "Standing here I can see almost all the city.... there is the Harbour—there is a ship coming in now—and there is the Hotel M---, and on that side is Metro.. ..and I can even see the graceful tall bulk of Theatre P——.."

"I have seen my name so often outside that, though it was so long ago, it seems unreal now." Chandu Bala said suddenly.

Borelli came slowly round to where she sat. "These things happen", he said quietly and laying a hand on her own which idly fingered the paper-weight on the table, smiled into her face—an inscrutable smile, she thought, hastily drawing away her hand, and sitting up. A swift change came over his face. It was as if a mask had been drawn over it. He became brisk and business-like again and walked swiftly to his seat. "Well Miss Chandu Bala," he said in a voice empty of all emotion, though he smiled still. "It seems as if it can't be decided outright if there is a part fitting your, shall we say personality, in our next production. I will discuss this with my colleagues and let you know....Your address? Oh yes, I think we have it with us." His voice held a note of finality and Chandu Bala knew she was dismissed. She got up a little hesitantly and said "I hope you will let me know soon. I want—I want to work". Damn my pride, she thought fiercely as she stood outside the door, I ought to have said I want money I need it because I am hungry. He had promised to let her know if there was a part....If....what if there was no part? And when would she know it? She wanted work now and money and food....

It was late afternoon when she wandered into the C—Park and the sun blazed in all its mid-summer glory. Chandu Bala sat on a stone bench shaded by a huge banyan tree with a sigh of exhaustions. So the interview was over and nothing had come out of it....Her frail bark had struck the reefs and now it was sink or swim. Her resources exhausted, her faculties numbed by repeated failures and disappointments, her senses weakened by hunger, was it humanly possible to swim? But swim she must, unless....Oh, why not? At least God would understand .She closed her eyes....I am not able to think fast or clearly, I don't know why. But I am tired....God, how tired I am.... I must sleep....sleep.

In the part was absolute stillness except for the bees which buzzed round the gay honey-laden flowers lining the side-walks.

The sound of a car door slamming awoke her to her surroundings. Chandu Bala sat up and looked about her. The park was getting rapidly crowded with young and old come from the city to enjoy the fresh breeze. She walked to the little pond which stood close by with a fountain spraying in the middle of it and plunged her hands into the cool water. In its ruffled surface her face appeared distorted and ugly. This is the end, she said to herself, and was aware of no remorse or fear or grief but only of a deep feeling of relief as of a decision taken, a state of suspense ended. There was nothing more to fight for in life and nothing to fight with. Her defences were broken and she had to fend for herself and she was answerable only to God. But he would understand, she was sure. He would. She bathed her face and limped out of the park, head held high, eyes hard and full of contempt for a world to which she had given of her best and which had let her down....

Night had fallen when she came to the crowded thoroughfare, H--- Road. The restaurants were gaily lit up and people were coming in. Loud music was heard above the din of waiters giving orders and people laughing and talking. Chandu Bala stopped outside the quiet and unostentatious bulk of the Cafe R—— There were a few groups of men and women sitting at tables and talking in hushed and discreet tones. Chandu Bala walked in and sat down at a table for two nearest the door.

An obsequious waiter sidled up and bent over her, his deferential gaze swiftly sizing her up from head to foot and throwing her into one of many niches in his mind into which he threw the many types of humanity he served.

"Just a glass of warm water, please." she said. "I am waiting for a friend and will dine later."

From where she sat Chandu Bala could see the entrance of the cafe She leaned her elbows on the table and sat, waiting....The waiter looked at her eyes and thought" desperate, poor young woman... not expecting a friend, but waiting to choose one.....

A bright, shining car drew up at the porch and a chauffeur opened the door and stood by while a short fat man in European clothes got down a little unsteadily and walked towards the open door of the restaurant. Over-dressed and obviously not quite a gentleman, Chandu Bala decided as she coolly surveyed his sleek clothes and beringed hand and diamond scarf pin and shining watch chain. An ugly customer, too, as the accumulations of unwholesome fat upholstering his generous frame testified but rich, richer than he deserved to be. She dropped her eyes demurely as the gentleman walked towards her and settled himself at the next table. Drunk, her mind registered, the fool.....

He ordered a drink and looked at her with frank curiosity. Chandu Bala neatly and dexterously upset her glass of warm water. "Waiter," she called out faintly, getting up in a flurry of mock dismay. The gentleman was instantly on his feet helping her and the waiter had appeared miraculously from nowhere at all with a rag in his hand. And after the drying and wiping was over, Chandu Bala found herself seated again and across her table facing her was the gentleman with the shining watch-chain, his full complacent lips smiling at her in appreciative condescension.

He was in the stock exchange and had that very day made a pile of money in a lucky deal. He was giving a big party the next day in this very hotel and had come to make arrangements. Nothing cheap about that party, you may be sure.....there would be wine and the best food served in the best style. He could depend upon the Cafe R— it never let down an old customer like him—and, mind you, he was spending money on it..... a lot of money, more than she probably had ever seen at one time.....

A little devil prompted Chandu Bala to say "Oh well, I have seen a lot of money, too", and shrug modestly. But Mr. Krupa wasn't impressed. "Yes, I dare say," he said, vaguely, "but I meant your own", he added leering. Now what did he mean by that, wondered Chandu Bala, her indignation rising and opened her mouth to ask but he had already changed the topic and had launched on an account of another of his deals, which had also brought him a lot of money. Funny, thought Chandu Bala wryly, I am a poor and he is rich and we both have the same thing on our minds. He wants money because he is rich and would be richer and I because I am poor and need food.....

Food! Heavens, would the man never stop talking and order some food? First person singular, that ought to have been his name. He talked endlessly interminably, without tiring and drank like a fish. Chandu Bala passed a hand across her forehead and sighed in suppressed fury and resentment. He had started another of his stories in which he had figured.....he had done that, you bet the world thought of him as 'someboddy.' She smiled faintly, mockingly. You would be shocked to know what I think of you, you pompous old windbag.....Mr. Krupa leaned forward and his foot touched hers under the table. "Ah, you smile", he said, preening himself. "Yes", she gushed opening her eyes wide in innocent admiration. "To think that you achieved all this alone! It's wonderful."

He beckoned to the waiter. Chandu Bala sighed with thankfulness. Food, food at last! But "another drink", Mr. Krupa said waving a plump hand in a large, easy gesture. That would be the eighth, thought Chandu Bala grimly, perhaps he did not intend having dinner at all. "Have one?" he asked—he did every time he had a fresh drink. "No, thank you." she said, suppressing with difficulty her rising temper, and daintily lifting her glass of warm water to her lips added a little loudly, looking straight at him. "I am afraid it will spoil my appetite for dinner."

Mr. Krupa looked faintly surprised and hurt. "Oh, yes, dinner", he said vaguely and beckoning to a waiter. "Have you any dinner?" he asked stupidly.

"Oh yes, sir", the waiter said with a bland smile handing him the menu card and then turning to her with a twinkle, "Mr. Krupa will have his little joke," he added.

Mr. Krupa opened bulbous eyes and scanned the menu card. "Get everything", he said. "Every blessed thing on this card." The waiter stared, and then quickly recovering, bowed and left. "Must eat, you know," said Mr. Krupa with a grimace as if he had just then discovered the fact. "Hungry work, eh, our after-dinner business?" Chandu Bala winced as if he had struck her. That this self-sufficient, flashy fool should have thought her a cheap, tuppeny pick-up! "And I don't suppose," Mr. Krupa was saying, "you girls ever have a decent meal. Not all of you can make a high-stakes catch like me every day, eh?"

Something snapped within Chandu Bala and she stood up, her eyes blazing and took a step in the direction of the door. But she stopped suddenly as she saw the waiter, his hands holding a loaded and steaming tray.....Dinner.....Food.....She 'must' have food.....She half turned back to her seat. It was as if her whole fate hung in the balance. Should she go back? Should she swallow her pride and prostitute herself to this.....She looked at Mr. Krupa. But Mr. Krupa was staring at her stupidly, his mouth open. His next words galvanized her into a fury she had never felt before and she flung out of the room feeling savagely triumphant. "You limp" was what he said.

★ ★ ★

Waste—waste waste, the whole evening had been a waste, and I am going home hungry as ever and with

(Continued on Page 19)

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on 21 April, 2017

WHEN 'LL. G.' BECAME M. P.

Commons Fifty Years Ago

By Robert Hield,
who was in the Press Gallery at Westminster during most of Mr. Lloyd George's career.

Once upon a time—actually April, 1890, a date now so remote as to seem almost prehistoric—a young man stood at the Bar of the House of Commons between his two sponsors awaiting the Speaker's call to members desiring to take their seats.

This young man had just won a by-election in the Caernarvon Boroughs for the Liberal party, and as he walked up the floor of the House there seemed nothing in his appearance or his reception to suggest that the incident was of exceptional significance—that any new planet had swum into the national ken.

The young man to the casual eye was of commonplace type, with a fresh complexion, side whiskers and moustache, and, of course, the regulation frock-coat of the day. Having taken the oath, signed his name on the roll and shaken hands with Mr. Speaker Peel, he passed behind the Chair to the obscurity of the Opposition benches.

That nobody young man has ended 54 years of continuous service as member for Caernarvon. He was then in embryo no other than the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, whose name and fame are now inscribed indelibly on the pages of history. He seemed to mean so little, meant so much.

To look back to that remote "once upon a time," as I, a contemporary observer from the Press Gallery, am able to do, is to realise what a transformation has taken place in the Parliamentary scene during those 54 years. It is probably true to say that no change so sweeping and significant has been registered in any previous half-century of Parliamentary history.

The passing of the great Reform Bill in the year that Gladstone entered the House of Commons made nothing like so deep a difference. Between the House of Commons which Mr. Lloyd George joined in 1890 and that of the present day there is a great gulf fixed, not merely of time, but of character, not merely of composition, but of social as well as of political values Whether wittingly or not, no single person has been more influential in widening that gulf than the young man from Caernarvon.

What was that House of Commons of 1890 like? To begin with, it was, in spite of the Irish party, an easy-going House which liked to prorogue in August and reassemble not before the end of January. Its members on both sides were predominantly of the well-to-do section of society. Top hats and frockcoats were almost the only wear.

After the dinner-hour the benches were filled with gentlemen in full evening dress, their rows of white shirts looking like a parterre at a flower-show. This effect was still more conspicuous when Mr. Balfour instituted a two-hour dinner interval between the afternoon and the evening sittings, instead of the meagre half-hour's intermission for what was known as the Speaker's chop.

And at what an heroic pitch the debates of that generation were sustained! As to their temper, it may be gauged from the fact that in the height of the struggle on the second Home Rule Bill the Opposition Whips refused to arrange pairs with the Government Whips.

Decidedly there were giants in those days, with the august and venerable figure of Gladstone towering over all.

The electoral defeat which he had suffered in 1886 had done nothing to diminish his stature or his influence, though half his chief lieutenants had deserted his cause and disowned his leadership—Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Forster, Sir Henry James, and, most conspicuously, John Bright who did not long outlive his severance from his old friend and leader. But among the faithful Gladstonians were still Sir William Harcourt, John Morley Sir Edward Grey and Herbert Asquith.

On the Ministerial benches was Arthur Balfour, making a first-rate reputation for himself in the exacting and ungrateful part of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and standing up unflinchingly to the formidable antagonism of Parnell, with such henchmen as Sexton, Tim Healy, T. P. O'Connor, William O'Brien, John Dillon, Justin McCarthy and John Redmond.

Beside Mr. Balfour were Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and dear old W. H. Smith as Leader of the House, whose main contribution to debate was to move the closure. Another conspicuous figure in those days was Lord Randolph Churchill, no longer a Minister, but a damaging critic at uncertain moments of the Government.

It is not surprising that in such a House, in which such Paladins were "exchanging hardiment" every day, the new member for Caernarvon remained for some time obscure, with little opportunity to show his mettle, National recognition came only with the Boer War, years later, when his passionate campaigning against the war made him not only the most conspicuous but the most objurgated politician on the Opposition side of the House.

The end of that war in 1902 marked, though not recognisably at the time, the first crack in the old Victorian order.

Queen Victoria had passed away. Mr. Balfour became Prime Minister, with a House of Commons overwhelmingly Unionist, but it was not long before Mr. Chamberlain convulsed national politics with his Tariff Reform campaign.

The result of the General Election of 1906 was to return the Liberals with an overwhelming majority. In fact, a new Parliamentary age had begun, and the new House of Commons was the outward and visible sign of it.

The situation was loaded with dynamite. The People's Budget led to two elections in one year, cut down the monstrous majority of 1906, and left the Liberal Government triumphant over the Lords, but dependent on the Irish and the Labour Vote.

As far as the House of Commons is concerned, the most significant political development of the century has been the rise of an independent Labour party. Its arrival has profoundly altered the thoughts and interests and fashions of the House of Commons, but it has not lowered its dignity or decorum.

The debates are less enlivening but more businesslike. It is as though the Parliamentary style has been changed from concert pitch to the normal diapason. The removal of the Irish members has been a relief to business but a loss to liveliness.

LL. G.

The change is not altogether for the worse. If high distinction is less characteristic of debate, there are fewer bores and deadheads and triflers. As the House has abandoned its top-hats and frock-coats for morning jackets and soft hats, so it has divested itself in speech of fine raiment for hempen homespun. Its attention is bent on business matters.

True, the socialisation of the national organisation goes on apace, checked only by the exigencies of the war. But it is reassuring to know, what the career of the young man from Caernarvon has so conclusively proved, that, in Mr. Churchill's words, 'there is no bar of class privilege or riches in our island to prevent the full fruition of outstanding capacity."

That capacity in Mr. Lloyd George triumphed under the sternest test.

When, in 1916, at a critical moment of hesitation, distrust and depression in the midst of the first Great War, he took over the direction of the national effort, he braced and amplified the organisation of its resources, invigorated counsel and, above all, infused with new steadfastness and determination the nation's will to endure and prevail.'

With unwearying strength he shouldered the titanic burden of manifold responsibilities—military, industrial, diplomatic and political—and carried them undaunted to the triumphant end—"while all the world wondered."

The young man from Caernarvon Boroughs showed himself a second Pitt, the one man the nation needed. It is of the irony of fate that he, like another David before him, should be *found where no one would have thought to look for him.*—"*Daily* Telegraph."

There IS No Atlantic Charter!

EVEN SCRIBBLED MEMOS BY CHURCHILL AND ROOSEVELT ARE NOW GONE— DOES THE SPIRIT ENDURE?

By SAMUEL GRAFTON (Columnist for the New York Post)

Isolationists are beside themselves with joy at the discovery that no actual, physical copy of the Atlantic Charter exists. The Charter originally consisted of some scribbled memos, worked up by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, and their assistants, and of subsequent typewritten releases to the newspapers, but even these seem now to be gone. The joy shown by the isolationists over this discovery is interesting. They are symbolically proving that the thing they hate does not exist. No piece of paper, no Charter.

Of course, I was taught in my one year at law school that you could make a contract even over the telephone, and that courts would enforce it. It was explained to me, oh, so patiently, and oh, so often, that the important thing was the meeting of the minds, not the piece of paper. If two free men come to a resonable accord, they have a contract, and the courts practically never let anyone out of a contract on the ground that it was sent to the cleaners in the breast pocket of an old suit, and lost.

It is a curious world the isolationists live in, one in which international friendship is of no consequence, while 10 cents' worth of paper is of the most sensational importance.

A curious world indeed; for, if they are right, we have lost our Shakespeare. No original manuscripts of the plays exist. Never again must we quote from Hamlet. And while I don't want to go into theological questions, I can't resist asking the isolationists whether they intend to obey the Ten Commandments from now on, pending the discovery of the original copy.

What terrible risks we have been taking all our lives! We have been entering into marriages on the basis of proposals which are almost oral; and, even worse, often uttered under circumstances which make exact recollection of the original words difficult. Are they real? I think so. I like the idea of living in a world in which such things are real, even if they be remembered only as a whisper, or even a mood.

NOTHING TO GO ON BUT NERVE

That brings us back to the mood of August, 1941, when Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill met at sea on the August and the Prince of Wales. The world then was in a mood of desperation. The British were being battered at home, and pushed back on almost all fronts. The Nazis were tearing into the heart of Russia. Our own country was in great moral anxiety, wondering whether to help, and how much; or whether to give the rest of the world up to darkness, and try to make a secure cave of our own national home, and keep a light in it. Then two men, with nothing to go on but their nerve, and a feeling about people, met and talked, and said jointly that all peoples had the right to freedom, and the right to make livings, and the right not to be frightened by aggressors. Was their statement real?

It was one of the most defiant statements ever made in a black time, and it changed the mood of the world; and from that moment, on, strangely enough, it was Hitler who began to seem a little unreal.

Yes, the Atlantic Charter is real, and it did happen. It was a true happening, one that went on in the hearts of most of the peoples of the world, where the truth dwells; and for that reason it would remain real even if both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt were to disown it today, or falter, as perhaps they sometimes do, in its execution; for it is more real even than they are. But it wasn't put down on paper, you say. Well, may be you need a blueprint to build a cottage, and a memo for your laundry list, but worlds, if I remember my early lessons, have always somehow been constructed without such helps.

A merchant ship returning to Australia with a miscellaneous passenger list, including a few German prisoners, was torpedoed and sunk. Ten survivors, two Germans, two Americans, two Australians, two Scots and two Englishmen reached a small island populated by dusky natives

Within two weeks the island was a hive of activity. The Germans were drilling the natives into an army, the Americans had opened a general store and motor agency, the Australians had started a dog-racing track, the two Scots were financing the whole crowd, and the two Englishmen were still hanging about waiting to be introduced.

* * *

A Benevolent-Looking, white-haired old man entered a bus

"George," said the conductor, going round at the first stop to speak to the driver, "I believe we've got the Archbishop of Bradpool on board."

"Ask him and make sure," said the driver.

Returning to his platform the conductor proceeded to do this and was greeted with a volley of abuse.

"George," said the conductor, returning in a subdued manner, "so far as I've been able to gather it isn't the Archbishop."

★ ★ ★

"Yes, my son went out West several years ago to make his fortune."

"And what is he worth now?"

"I don't exactly know; but six months ago the authorities were offering £2,000 for him."

A Red guardsman creeping into the no-man's land.

A mountain brigade climbing a rock.

SALUTE TO RED ARMY

Three Questions Answered

WHY IS IT CALLED THE RED ARMY ?

Red (the "Red Flag") is the traditional co'our of labour, of Socia ism. At the time of the revo ution in Russia in November, 1917, there was chaos all over the country and the old army of the Tsar was falling to pieces for want of supp'ies, etc. Factory counci's and trade unions organised armed detachments of workers. These, which were soon joined by former so'diers and so'diers, became known as the "Red Guard." After a government had been formed by the "Soviets" (i. e., Councils) of workers' peasants' and so'diers' representatives, these "Red Guards", numbering 50,000–60,000, were it January, 1918, formally constituted as the "Red Army". The Civil War deve'oped, fostered by the intervention of outside Great Powers, and to cope with the extended fronts this vo'unteer necleus was supplimented by the ca'l-ups on a nation-wide basis. The modern Soviet army of today takes its name and tradition rom the improvised force of workers and peasants which, after four years' hard struggle, 1917–1921, succeeded finally in driving back all invaders and saving the revolution.

HOW IS THE RED ARMY RECRUITED ?

Every Soviet boy is liable at the age of 19. Service lasts two years. Exemptions are granted for hea.th reasonr and sometimes for secondary schoo's students, for on'y sons or so'e breadwinners, for boys undergoing technical industrial training. On'y about 60 to 70 per cent. of those 'iab'e—numb'ering about 1½ million—are ca'led up each year.

DO WOMEN SERVE IN THE FORCES ?

Women are never conscripted for military service, but many vo'unteer. They do not serve in the cava'ry or, nowadays, in arti''ery or troops of the 'ine. Many serve in technica' and administrative services, for examp'e, tank maintenance, transport and chemical services, and particu'ar'y, of course, the medica' service. Correspondents describe the bravery and skill with which women doctors and nurses attached to a surrounded artil'ery brigade fought in Fin'and.

There are many women in the air force, both on maintenance and as pi'ots. Women in the mi'itary aviation schoo's are often recruitd from among civil aviation pilots. There are some women in naval administration, but they do not serve on warships, a though many serve in the merchant marine, which includes some women sea-captains.

Women, being vo'unteers, enter the forces via an officers' training school, and may rise to any rank. There are some with rank equiva ent to Divisional Commander; these are usua'ly notable fighters of the Civil War days.

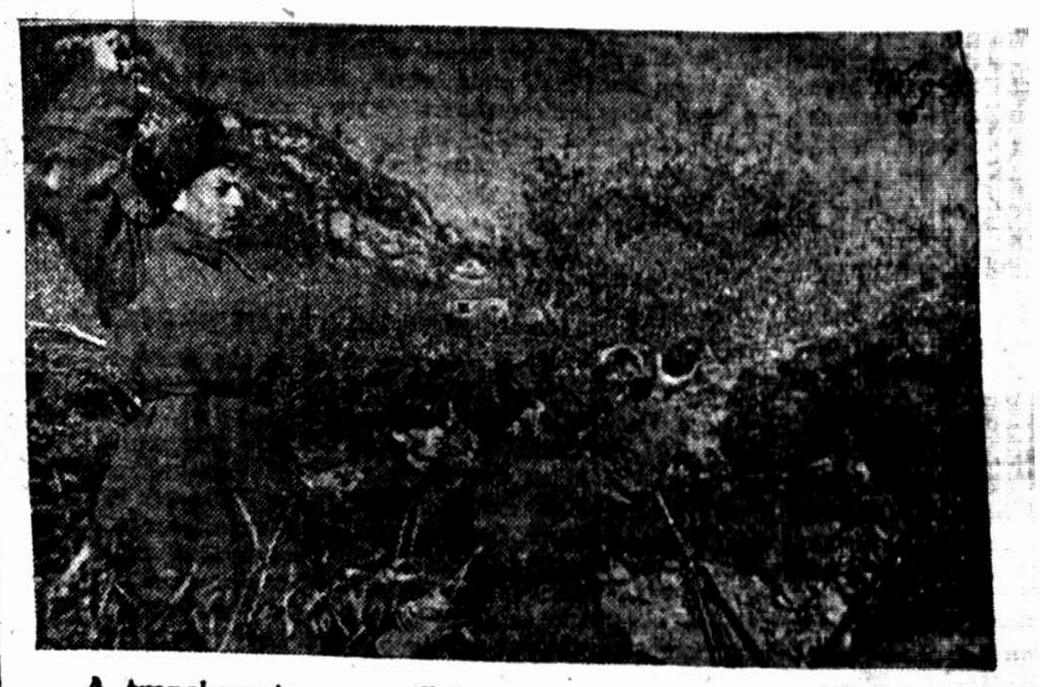
MARSHAL ZHUKOV

The man who hur'ed the Germans from the gates of Moscow in 1941, who sprang the trap at Sta'ingrad in 1942, raised the seige of Leningrad in 1943 and drove the Germans to the foothills of the Carpathians in 1944, is Marshal Gregory Konstantinovich Zhukov, Hero of the Soviet Union.

Zhukov occupies today one of the most important positions in the Soviet Union. As first Vice-Commissar for Defence he is the trusted adviser of Commissar Joseph Sta'in in U.S.S.R. mi'itary councils. He is known as 'I iubimets' (the pet, the favourite, the dar'ing, the be'oved) of the Red Army. He never makes speeches and shuns pub'icity. One of his few known pub'ic utterances was made when the enemy was hammering at the gates of Moscow. He assemb'ed his staff, gave a short ta'k and said: "Raise your hands. Repeat 'we take this oath: Moscow will not fall.'" When he was organizing the offensive at Rzhev, a captured German document quoting Hit'er said: "A serious threat to Rzhev is a loss equiva'ent to the loss of half Berlin." Zhukov captured Rzhev.

Not yet fifty, Zhukov has fought in many wars. He was a Czarist soldier but fought for the Red Revolution and served and studied under the Red Army's famed teacher, Mikhail Frunze. It was, however, in a battle against the Japanese in 1939 that he won public renown. Though not at war, Tokyo was anxious to test the strength of the Red Army in the Far East. In the battle that followed Zhukov was in charge of the tank assau't which so dismayed the enemy that his vice-chief of staff came suing for armistice. It was Zhukov who he'ped to break the resistance of the Finns in 1939-40. When the Germans attacked Russia, Zhukov was serving in China as

Leningrad grenadiers combing a forest.



A trenchmortar crew firing at an enemy concentration.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the Red Army which was celebrated on Friday, the 23rd February coincided with impending fall of Berlin.

Organized by Trotsky in 1918 at a time when the newly-accomplished revolution was threatened by Counter-Revolution from within and Reaction from without, the Red Army has been the loyal watch-dog of the Soviet State. Trotsky quarrelled with Stalin and went into exile but the Red Army went from strength to strength, in time becoming one of the finest fighting forces in the world. But for long its real striking potential remained an enigma to the world.

There were many in the capitalist nations who regarded the Red Army as a propagandist myth. After the 'purge' of the Generals they were convinced of its being 'rotten at the core.' The three-year long anti-Nazi war has proved how wrong they were. When the history of this war is written at its end, it will be recorded that the Red Army was the greatest single factor in the defeat of Hitler's designs to conquer the world.

Men of Caucasus Infantry detachment.

MARSHAL KONIEV

Ivan Stepanovitch Koniev is a Marshal of the Soviet Union. He got this title as a result of the spectacular handing of the Second Ukrainian Army which crashed through the German defences on the Dnieper, the Bug and the Dniester and invaded the province of Bessarabia. Perhaps one of the most versatile of Soviet Marshals Koniev has proved his metal on every kind of terrain on the long-winding Eastern Front. Stationed at the Gomel sector when Hitler invaded Russia, he proved that no general could fight better in mud. Moved to the Moscow sector he recaptured Kalinin and in his drive to Rzhev and Toropetz showed conspicuous skill in his quiet, unconventional method of deploying his forces. When transferred to the southern front in the summer of 1943, he found himself in a country of bare rolling steppe, quite unlike the country of the forest, marsh and sandy heath in which he had fought so successfully before.

He was quick to adapt himself to the changed environments. His victories here began with the participation in the capture of Orel, Byelgorod and Kharkov in August. Crossing the Donetz he brought his troops over the Vorskla to defeat the Germans on the same battlefield near Poltava where Peter the Great had defeated Charles XII of Sweden. Kremenchug fell to him in late September. But it was the opening of 1943-44 winter campaign that brought Koniev to the forefront of the fighting in Russia. His liquidation of the Kanyev pocket opened the way across Southern Ukraine to Rumania.

Forty-eight years old Konev started his military career in the Second Heavy Artillery Brigade of the Tsarist army twenty-eight years ago. During the Civil War he commanded an armoured train on the Far East, where he returned in the thirties to lead the Second Red Banner Army. He has a hard face, drawn and deeply lined, heavy brows and a stone-bald head. He is taciturn, simple in habits and has a passion for accuracy. His son is a fighter pilot and his daughter is at an Air Force Academy.

Koney's motto which has brought him success is "Make up your mind what the enemy expects you to do and then do the opposite."

Soviet military attache and military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek.

Those who have seen him remember Zhukov best by his "lion's face" his broad and rocky mouth. Called a "human dynamo," he is tall, heavily built with steely eyes and quiet composed features. He has an amazing physical stamina and he must gallop at least ten miles a day. He never falls ill and never tires.

Along with Timoshenko and Shaposhnikov, Zhukov was responsible for introducing the rigid discipline into the Red Army which was instrumental in turning it into a matchless fighting force. During 1938 his tours of inspection were dreaded by all commanders. Suspensions, dismissals and transfers followed these rough and uncomfortably vigorous tours. In all his pronouncements he repeated that the Ukraine was the most dangerous spot in the Soviet Union, and, at the time when the Soviets and the Nazis were supposedly on friendly terms, he wanted his countrymen against the Hitlerite danger. Once he declared: "The Red Army must be on constant guard along our western frontier, so that enemy tricks may not find us unprepared." When the invasion came Zhukov's call vibrated throughout the U.S.S.R. "Every Red Army man must fight like ten fascists."

He sees the weak as well as the strong points of the German Army. "I hack off piece after piece. I never strike them in the front." Stalingrad is the greatest testimony to this technique where he hacked a whole German Army to pieces. Zhukov threatens again to hack a whole German army to pieces—this time the army guarding the approaches to Low and Brest-Litovsk.

Torpedo men on a Black Sea destroyer.

Stalin tank on the march.

Gunners of the Battle Fleet at the ready.

DRAMA AND THE PEOPLE

By CLEMENCE DANE

Clemence Dane, author of many well-known books and plays, is also an accomplished actress. Miss Dane talks of the social aspects of the theatre; traces the history of English Drama since the Middle Ages; and explains why it is only the living stage which supplies the necessary contact between Drama and the people.

It is sometimes useful to begin by defining exactly what one means by any given title. Well, by 'drama' I mean a story played by flesh-and-blood actors on a stage to an audience. By 'the people' I mean the audience. Not any special audience—a group of 'tired businessmen' at a musical comedy, grave Shakespeare lovers at the Old Vic., intellectual amateurs in a garden city, or toughs in the gallery at a music-hall. I mean all audiences that can or could come to see a play written in their own language for them.

English Drama, in this sense, has had a strange up and down life history. In the Middle Ages it was the ally of the Church and the schools. In the days of Queen Elizabeth it became the abiding glory of English literature. Forty years later it had been all but stamped out by audiences turned Puritan.

Then came the Restoration, and the theatre was once more popular, though the Elizabethan vision splendid had faded into the light of common day. In the eighteenth century tragic drama slumped into pomposities and boring affections. On the other hand, in such a delicious satire as *The Beggar's Opera*, and again in the Sheridan comedies, English eighteenth century comic drama was as lively as champagne, and is still played and playable.

INTELLECTUAL AND EMOTIONAL FORCE

By the middle of the nineteenth century, drama had degenerated into mere vehicle stuff for certain great Victorian actors and actresses: but in the first years of our own age it once more became, in the hands of Wilde and Pinero, Galsworthy and Shaw, an important intellectual and emotional force.

But whether drama was glorious or decrepit, the pride of the country or merely the national invalid, always dying and never dead, one thing is certain—English Drama could always be sure of the whole people as a potential audience. Novel reading only began in the eighteenth century; sport was a masculine enjoyment, and poetry was the delight of the few; but everybody liked a good play.

Thus it was until the last war. The great days were over, but drama was still the principal entertainment of the people. The big cities had their theatres; but the country towns had them, too. If people no longer knew their Shakespeare as well as they used to do in the days of Mrs. Siddons, when the audience could prompt an actor who muffed a famous line—nevertheless, to be 'on tour' between 1910 and 1915 was a rich adventure. I know, for I had about five years of it in all sorts of companies and in all sorts of parts.

I remember bed-sitting-rooms for which you paid four-and-sixpence a week with coal thrown in. I remember playing stock in a little Welsh mining town when the sky flickered every night like a fire-lit ceiling in the glow from the mines.

That was a real Vincent Crummles company. We made our own stage clothes. We 'wrote-in' scenes to suit our special audiences, and we acted in dear long-forgotten plays—*The Ticket of Leave Man, The Colleen Bawn Trilby, Under Two Flags*, and *The Three Musketeers*. We were badly paid—the manager still owes me thirteen and sixpence—we worked like dogs in circumstances of acute discomfort; but all the same it was a good life and a happy life because it was a real one, and what made it real was this: we all had the knowledge that, in our small way, we were part of a great tradition—the tradition of English Drama.

THE STARS BEHIND THE STARS!

Our gods were the Horniman Company at Manchester, the Vedrenne Barker management, the Comptons, the Irvings and the Terrys and the Kendalls, Frank Benson, Tree at his Majesty's, Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh at the Garrick and George Alexander at the St. James's. We were aware of English Drama as a poor man is aware of a rich man's house, with its gay company in the lamplit windows; and we were aware that behind it were more splendid houses filled with lordlier guests.

For behind the great stars of our skies, Irving and Ellen Terry, we saw dimly the Victorian shapes of Phelps and Macready. Behind them again moved Kean, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the eighteenth-century Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle playing to good King Charles, and so back to the Elizabethans, to Allen and the great Burbage, and Shakespeare himself playing the ghost in *Hamlet*.

This sense of being part of a great tradition was our first life-saver. Our second was the fact that we were always, in those days, fairly sure of an audience. It might be a rough one; it might be downright hostile; but at least we knew that 'the people' were always ready to consider almost any play fairly well performed, and that our only serious rivals would be players in an opposition theatre. We never dreamed of any threat to drama as a whole. In fact, we were rather in the position of the drivers of stage-coaches a hundred years earlier—in 1829 to be precise.

In that year at Rainhill, near Liverpool, a competition was held between three newly-invented machines called steam-engines. The first two broke down, but the Stephenson's engine, called 'The Rocket,' drew a train of thirteen tons at nearly forty-four miles an hour! ('The Rocket' is now preserved at the Science Museum, South Kensington, London).

BEGINNING OF THE NEW AGE

That was the beginning of the railway age. But the stage-coachmen, rattling by on the highroad, no more realised that they were doomed to extinction by the success of Stephenson's 'Rocket' than Stephenson himself dreamed that his invention would, in turn, be doomed by another sort of rocket altogether—a rocket travelling, not at forty-four miles an hour, but faster than sound.

In just the same way, when we young actors and actresses of the late Edwardian days took a busman's holiday at the local music-hall, and there saw what was called 'the bioscope'—a screen filled with flickering photographs of daily life and jerky little scenes of acted fiction—we never dreamed that we were watching the destruction of the English drama as we knew it.

It was so, however. Thirty years have elapsed since that August night on the pier at Weymouth when everyone crowded into my dressing-room to discuss the war of 1914—just twenty four hours old—to wonder how long it would last, and to hoot with derision when I guessed 'Three years.'

In those succeeding thirty years we of the British stage have seen the coming of a new form of entertainment. We have seen the old theatres with their haunted dressing-rooms and classic frontages converted into warehouses, left to moulder and decay, or at best be turned into picture palaces. We have seen the shadow drama of the screen engulf the best of our actors and actresses. We have seen the deliberate killing of the living theatre in town after town because it rivalled the cinema.

THE CINEMA

We have, in fact, seen Big Business discovering that the people's love of drama had a commercial value as great as the value of a diamond mine. We have seen them exploit it in the interests of industry and finance, and seen all over the island 'the people' accept the situation and flock to the local cinemas while the local theatres died. Again and again I have heard it said in those thirty years. 'The theatre will never really re-establish itself outside the big cities. People have become film-minded and radio-minded. People take no interest in the theatre.

But this was only half true. In this present war I once more found myself touring in a play all over the north of England, and young people certainly used to come round to my dressing-room saying: 'Do you know, this is the first time I have ever seen a play acted by flesh and blood actors!'—which was always a shock. But when asked: 'Well, do you like it?' they invariably said the same thing: 'But it's exciting to be seeing real people. It's quite a different thing from watching acting on the screen,' and they would go on to discuss drama and make plans to see more plays.

You see, we theatre pessimists of the twenty years between the two wars had been wrong. We thought the films, with their money complex, had ruined the theatre. Nothing of the kind. They had awakened in a much larger audience an interest in acted stories; but this interest had remained unsatisfied. Huge audiences of the film and radio are now discovering that there is a thrill which an audience can only get from watching the passions and the misadventures of flesh and blood. No film drama can provide contact between audience and actor, and drama lives by contact.

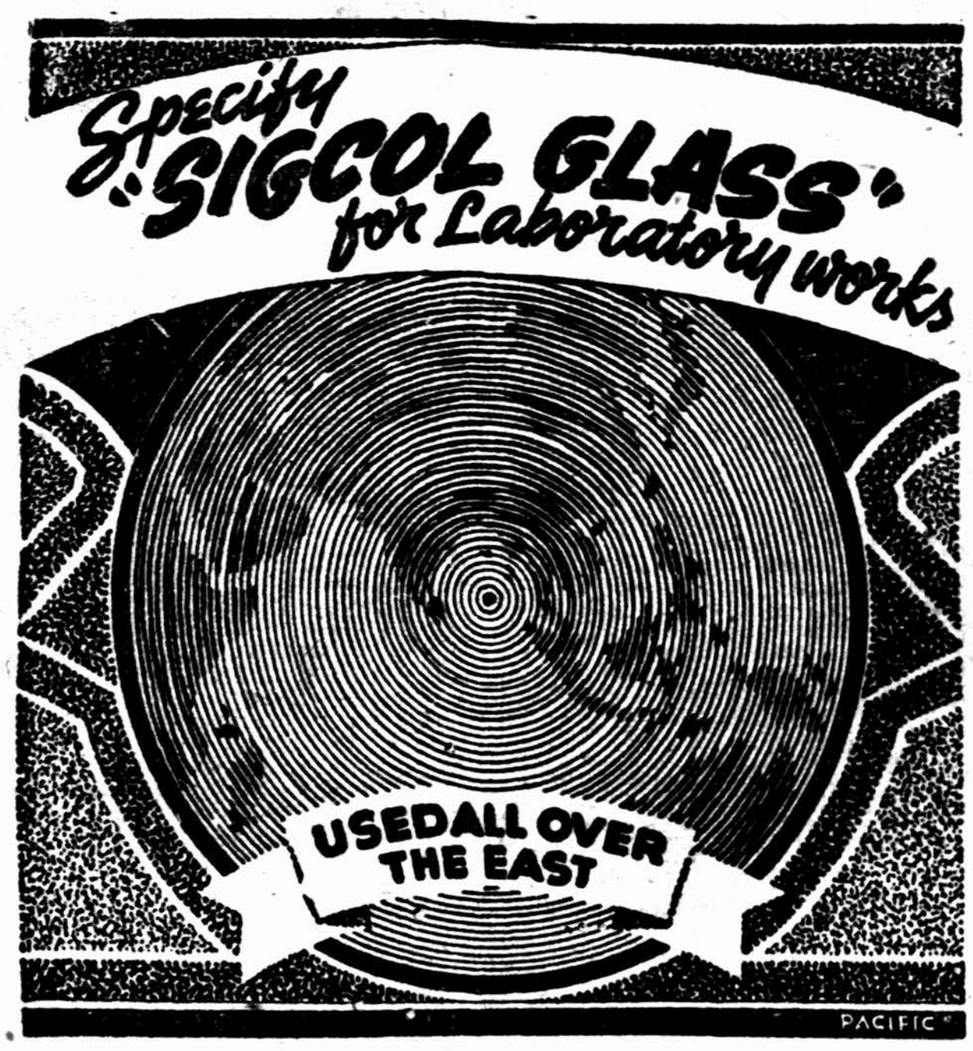
THE STAGE SURVIVES

During the last twenty years, people all over the country have realised their need for this missing vitamin of drama—contact; and while the professional stage temporarily pined and dwindled, it was supplied in all sorts of interesting if improvised ways. Little theatres, private Sunday shows, town pageants, school performances, undergraduate enterprises, village leagues, all have helped to keep the love of our drama alive through the lean years.

Now has come war, and suddenly touring companies find themselves heartily welcomed, and official organisations such as ENSA and CEMA have been established to provide living drama and living music, because it is clamoured for alike by the fighting Services and the home fronts. So great has been the sudden demand that one of the problems today has been to provide quality in sufficient quantity. Nobody can say today that the people of 1944 do not think their drama important.

'But how,' you may say, 'can mere entertainment be considered important when a great war is going on? Why not? We all live dramatically. Birth is a tragic drama. A baby's first lurch across the hearthrug is comic drama. War is drama. Peace is drama. The whole turbulent life of the world is, moment by moment, year by year, and century by century dramatic, and in that life we have our share.

But you know how it is. To be, is not necessarily to be aware and 'Know thyself' is the one impossible commandment. Nobody can—all one can know is a reflection of oneself. And it is that reflection of the people in their National Drama which Shakespeare describes when he speaks of 'The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere a mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure



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Hidayatullah Defeated In Sind Assembly

LEAGUERS' REVOLT AGAINST PREMIER

CUT MOTION PASSED BY 25 VOTES TO 19

Syed And Gazdar Expelled From League

KARACHI, February 24.

Developments which were not expected in view of yesterday's vote of confidence in Sir Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah by the League Assembly Party occurred this morning when the Hidayatullah Ministry was defeated in the Sind Assembly on a cut motion moved by the opposition.

This was in respect of a supplementary demand in the General Administration rejection of which is usually followed by resignation of a ministry.

Following the defeat, Sir Ghulam Hussain refused to move further demands for supplementary grants.

Later the Assembly was prorogued by order of His Excellency Sir Hugh Dow, Governor of Sind.

There was an atmosphere of suspense when the Assembly met, which was heightened by a statement by Mr. G. M. Syed, President of the Sind Provincial League, to the effect that he had received a statement from several members of the League Assembly Party declaring lack of confidence in the Ministry.

When Sheikh Abdul Majid, a former member of the Mus'im League Party moved a Rupee One cut motion, the Government was defeated by 25 votes to 19.

SYED'S TELEGRAM

Later Mr. G. M. Syed informed the Press that he had sent the following telegram to Mr. Jinnah, Nawabzada Liaquatali Khan and Nawab Muhammed Ismail:

"Fifteen out of a total of 28 members of the Muslim League Assembly Party made an urgent written demand that the present Ministry should be thrown out during the current session, the effort to begin from today. In pursuance of their decision they threw out the supplementary demand under General Administration and supported one-rupee cut motion. In the division 14 League Assembly Party members supported the cut motion and 11 members of the party voted against it."

The Opposition's present concern is to prevent Section 93 being enforced by the Sind Governor.

"We Should Have No Constitution In Sind Hereafter"

It is understood that Sir Ghulam Hussain had an interview with the Governor this afternoon when it is believed he acquainted His Excellency with the Parliamentary developments. Earlier, the Premier and other Ministers held a conference in the Chamber of the Home Minister.

It is understood that the Ministers assured Sir Ghulam Hussain of their loyalty to him and told him that they were confident of snatching back the fluid element in the Assembly who voted with the Opposition today. It is stated that Pir Illahi Bux has suggested to the Premier to appoint Khan Bahadur Haji Moula Bux, brother of the late Mr. Allah Bux, as the fourth Mus'im Minister in the place of Mr. M. G. Gazdar.

On coming out of his chamber the Premier was heard to remark to Pressmen: "I think we should have no constitution in Sind hereafter."

All the parties in the Sind Assembly are holding their meetings tonight to consider the situation that has now arisen with regard to the ministry.

Syed And Gazdar To Be Expelled From League Party

It is understood that Sir Ghulam Hussain had a telephone talk with Mr. Jinnah this evening and informed him of the dramatic developments that took place in the Assembly.

Later at a meeting of the Muslim League Assembly Party convened by Sir Ghulam Hussain and attended by 11 out of 28 members, it was decided to expel Mr. G. M. Syed and Mr. M. H. Gazder from the Party.

OVERNIGHT TREACHERY
Sind Not Fit For Reforms, Says Premier

"Sind is not fit for reforms", was the bitter remark made by Sir Ghulam Hussain in the Assembly to-day when the League Opposition made it clear to him that the vote of confidence passed in the Premier the previous day was not going to be adhered to. 'We in this House', said the Premier, "are teaching how to be treacherous. I belong to that association, the Muslim League, which passed a resolution that all our demands would be passed".

Accusing the members concerned of intriguing overnight to overthrow the Ministry, the Premier said: "I depended on the word of the President of the Provincial League. I invite him to come out and not to hide himself. If the members play traitors I do not mind".

ONE MAN'S RAJ

The first cut motion was under a Revenue Demand which was, however, withdrawn, but speaking on this Sheikh Abdul Majid deplored that the Premier should indulge in outbursts and accuse even his colleagues and his own party members of treachery. **"If the Premier has been a traitor to the Province, why should they not be traitors to him", asked Sheikh Abdul Majid. He averred that there was no democracy in Sind. The Premier had made it one man's raj.**

Moving the relevant cut motion under General Administration (which was eventually passed) Sheikh Abdul Majid referred to the appointment of Mr. Roger Thomas as Minister for Agriculture and said that the Premier at that time had not even consulted members of his own party.

Mr. G. M. Syed then announced that a majority of the members of the Muslim League Assembly Party had sent him a petition saying that they had no confidence in the present Ministry. He added that those who had signed the petition would vote for the cut motion.

HINDUS' GRIEVANCE

Mr. Nichaldas Vazirani, leader of the Hindu Opposition, said that his Party would vote for the cut motion. He said that the Hindus had been denied the right of sending their chosen representatives to the Cabinet.

Sir Ghulam Hussain said that the members had intrigued overnight to throw out the Ministry. At the meeting of the Assembly League Party, even Mr. Syed had agreed to support the passing of supplementary demands. "Sind", he added, "is not fit for reforms".

Referring to the appointment of Mr. Roger Thomas, the Premier said that every one had welcomed it.

Mr. Gazdar: "Not the Quaid-e-Azam."

Premier: "Your are a disappointed man. Is this the way to deceive the House?"

EUROPEAN SYMPATHY

Mr. Fraser, a member of the European Group, said that the Premier was not being given a square deal. He warned the Opposition to think twice before taking any step.

The cut motion was passed and the supplementary demand itself was rejected.

Fourteen members of the Muslim League Assembly Party, four Opposition Muslims and seven Opposition Hindus voted for the cut motion while 11 members of the League Party, five Hindus, two Europeans and one Muslim Independent voted against it.

On the Premier refusing to move further grants, the Speaker adjourned the House to consult legal opinion. On resumption, the Premier said that an order from the Governor proroguing the House was on the way. The House was again adjourned for half an hour. Thereafter, the order from the Governor arrived and the House was prorogued.

League Trying Where Congress Failed

"Sind has been made a pawn in the All-India politics. Certain All-India leaders satisfy their vanity at our expense", declared Mr. Mohammed Amin Khoso (Independent) speaking on the general discussion of the Budget in the Sind Assembly yesterday.

Mr. Khoso added: "The late Mr. Allah Bux successfully resisted Congress interference in Sind affairs. Where the Congress failed the All-India Muslim League is trying its hand. The condition in Sind are peculiar and it sought to be left alone to shape its destinies. Nowhere in India had there been so much lawlessness and bloodshed since the mutiny of 1857 as in Sind. Our first problem is security of life and property. What Sind therefore, needs is an All-Party Government."

Mr. Moula Bux, brotoer of the late Mr. Allah Bux said that at no time in the history of Sind had corruption increased to such an extent as to-day. He said that the police were the worst offenders.—United Press.

Turkey Declares War On Axis

LONDON, Feb. 24.

The motion approving the Turkish Government's decision to declare war was approved by all the 401 members present.

Turkey is the thirty-seventh country to declare war on Germany, Reuter adds.

Turkey's declaration of war on Germany and Japan is welcome from the British point of view, learns Reuter's diplomatic correspondent.

Turkey's second thoughts serve to intensify the moral isolation of Germany and Japan as well as ensure Turkey's active collaboration in building the bulwarks of peace.

Japan To Declare War On Turkey

The Japanese Radio said to-day that Japan's declaration of war against Turkey is imminent and the Japanese Foreign Office is taking the necessary steps.

DAYLIGHT RAIDS ON RANGOON AND SINGAPORE

Chinese Capture Namtu Town

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24: The War Department has announced that Superfortresses from India bombed Singapore in daylight to-day.

It stated that the attack was made "by a large force" which is generally taken to indicate upwards of 150 planes. No details are yet available.

More than 150 Superfortresses bombed Rangoon again to-day, it is announced by Twentieth Air Force Headquarters.

KANDY, Feb. 24: To-day's SEAC "Communiqué" says:

Northern Combat Area Command: Troops of 50th Chinese Division yesterday crossed the Namtu river and captured Namtu town. The high ground south of the town was also taken after a sharp fight.

Fourteenth Army: Vigorous patrolling continues from 33rd Corps Bridgehead on the south bank of the Irrawaddy, opposite Myinmu. In the Sagaing triangle, west of Mandalay, our troops captured a village after an artillery and air bombardment.

LEESE GETS U.S. HONOURS.

Lieut-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, Commander, Allied Land Forces, South East Asia, was to-day presented with the Legion of Merit with degree of a Commander by Lieut-Gen. Dan I Sultan, Commanding General, U. S. Forces in the India-Burma Theatre, for outstanding services to the Allied nations in Italy.

2 WEEKS MORE FOR CLEAN-UP!

Koniev's Storm Troops Force Their Way Deeper Into Breslau

Morning Despatch from Reuter's Special Correspondent in Moscow, Saturday: More than three thousand German wounded were carried from the cellars of Poznan after one of the fiercest struggles of the war [illegible] were in a wretched condition after days without water or proper attention. Observers in Moscow give the Germans in East Prussia two weeks before the final clean up.

It is expected that not only will Koenigsberg have fallen, but that the entire German grouping pressed against the sea will have been captured or destroyed.

The roar of the battle at Breslau is rising in violence as Marshal Koniev's tank and storm troops force their way deeper into the city. Streets are trembling under the force of explosions. Great sun clouds of smoke are rolling back over the Oder. In attacking from the south the Russians are tackling the biggest part of their job first. The most important section of Breslau lies on the left bank of the Oder. Soviet gunners are trundling their pieces through streets, shelling German nests of resistance from point blank range. The Germans are firing from sand-bagged windows of solidly built houses. Barricades are stretched across every street.

Let The People Judge!

Sapru Committee Proposals To Be Made To The Country At Large

(From Our Correspondent)

LAHORE, Feb. 24.

The Sapru Conciliation Committee members including Sir Tej Bahadur, Mr. Jayakar and Sir Jagdish Prasad who have been here are returning on Saturday to Delhi. Sir Tej Bahadur said he was glad to be able to say that the Conciliation Committee had created a great stir and several M.P.'s were following its work with close interest and keeping contact with him. As to the result of his Committee's deliberations, Sir Tej Bahadur said, "Many people are not happy with me. But I have lived now for 70 years acing kicks from all sides. I don't mind receiving a few more. But I am determined complete the job undertaken.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Dr. M. R. Jayakar and Sir Jagdish Prasad, who have been in Lahore for the past few days in connection with the Conciliation Committee work are leaving for Delhi to-night.

The A. P. I. adds:—

Interviewed by the Associated Press, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru said he was expecting a reply soon from Mahatma Gandhi to the Conciliation Committee questionnaire.

Asked as to how the Committee would try to get its recommendations implemented Sir Tej said, "The recommendations of the Committee will be to the country at large. It will be then for the country to decide whether these are to be accepted wholly or partially, or not at all. But what further steps will be taken to implement these recommendations it is not for me to say."

He added, "I hope we are going to take a very broad view of things and not identify ourselves with any particular party."

Questioned as to when the Committee is likely to complete its task Sir Tej said they were trying to finish the work as soon as possible. A very large amount of material had been collected and more was being collected. The work was very heavy and it would take some time to see it through.

ALLOWED KIDWAI TO TALK TO REPORTER!

Two Constables Dismissed For Breach Of Rules?

(From Our Correspondent)

ALLAHABAD, Feb. 24.

A report from Lucknow states that the two constables who accompanied Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai and brought him to Naini Jail here on transfer and who allowed a special correspondent of "Leader" to talk with Mr. Kidwai have been dismissed. There is no official confirmation of this report yet but it would not be surprising as no interviews are allowed with prisoners while under transfer

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Law And Life

By

"Jarvim"

"Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other peop'e; yet of all actions of our life it is most medd'ed with by other peop'e." But law in the interests of society, has interfered so as to visit with punishment any person who contracts marriage with a girl under fourteen years of age. In a case before Mr. Justice Bhagwati last week, the next friend of a girl alleged to be under fourteen sought to restrain a sixty year o'd Marwari from marrying her. The Marwari's fourth wife had died a short time back and it was alleged that the widowed sister of the girl had been induced to agree to the marriage on a promise that the would be paid Rs. 12,000/- by the Marwari. It was sought to expedite the hearing and to raise two preliminary issues—first, what is the age of the girl, and Secondly, if the girl is, under eighteen but over fourteen, whether the proposed marriage was for her benefit.

★ ★ ★

We fail to see how the second issue could at all arise. The Indian Majority Act, which enacts the age of eighteen as the age of majority, itse'f lays down that it does not affect the capacity of any person with regard to marriage. The Nagpur and Sind Courts have, howevr, laid down that it is competent for the Court under its delegated powers from the Sovereign as (parens patrae) of infants, to restrain an unsuitable marriage of an infant whether he or she be a ward of court or not and that this rule applied equally to Hindus as well as Mahomedans. In our opinion, this proposition begs the whole question by assuming that a person under eighteen is an "infant." There is no warrant for importing into India English nations on the point, in face of the express provision in the Indian Majority Act excluding from its operation the question of capacity to marry, which must therefore be regulated by the personal law of the parties. The age of eighteen laid down by the Indian Majority Act has, therefore, no significance at all for purposes of marriage. There is no justification at all for drawing the line at eighteen, and had it been proved that the girl in the case we are considering was say, Sixteen, in our opinion the Court would have had as much jurisdiction to arrogate to itself parental powers to interfere with regard to her as it had, with regard to the Marwari himself and say that is was not for his benefit, he being sixty, to marry a girl of sixteen! We coacede, however, that once guardianship proceedings have been started in a Court in respect of a minor under eighteen, the position might be different. But that at best is one of the anomalies of law, with which lawyers are not unfamiliar.

The case we are considering was ultimately settled, and on the Marwari undertaking not to marry the girl, the suit was allowed to be dismissed by consent.

★ ★ ★

Elections to be Bar Council having already taken place some time back, the question of nomination to the nominated seats arose recently. Two junior members of the Bar, one from the Original Side and the other from the Appellate Side, had been nominated last year to two of the nominated Seats, on the ground that a large Section of the Bar viz. the juniors, should go entirely unrepresented as a result of the Elections, eligibility to which is confined, at least as far as the Original Side is concerned, to members of the Bar of at least ten years' standing. Cicero said over two thousand years ago, "As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth." There may be foo ish age and wise youth, or there may be wise age and foolish Youth, so that the endeavour in all such cases must be to nominate wise age and wise Youth. As the Edict of one of the divine Kings of Japan to kill all above the age of sixty in order to spare him from the sight of senile decay which he feared was coming upon himself referred to in the "Daughter of the Samurai" was repealed, so it was with these nominations to the Bar Council. This year, the principle of representing the junior Bar on the Council was given the go—by, and the nominations were confined to fairly senior members of the Bar.

★ ★ ★

The Advocate—General of Bombay, Mr. N. P. Engineer was "at home" to the Chief Justice of India, Sir Patrick Spens on Saturday 17th February. All the legal luminaries of Bombay—judges, magistrates and prominent members of the High Court, Small Causes Court and Police Court Bar—a formidable array of over a hundred and fifty persons invaded the beautiful grounds of the Advocate—General's palatial residence "Bait-u'-Shad" at Warden Road. The Chief Justice of Bombay, who was also present, stated to some of the guests that he had in mind a project for air—conditioning the High Court building after the War—a welcome project indeed for the public, the Bar and the Bench, for it is in there that their blood boils most—and what is more, as law changes with ife, so must the abode of law and order be in keeping with the times.

A man was passing a public-house when a figure hurtled out of the door and landed in the gutter.

A small fellow picked himself up and said angrily to the passer-by: "They think they can get away with that! I'll throw every one of them out! You stay here and count."

In went the little man.

A moment later a body landed in the gutter. "One," counted the passer-by.

"No. it's me again," said the little man.

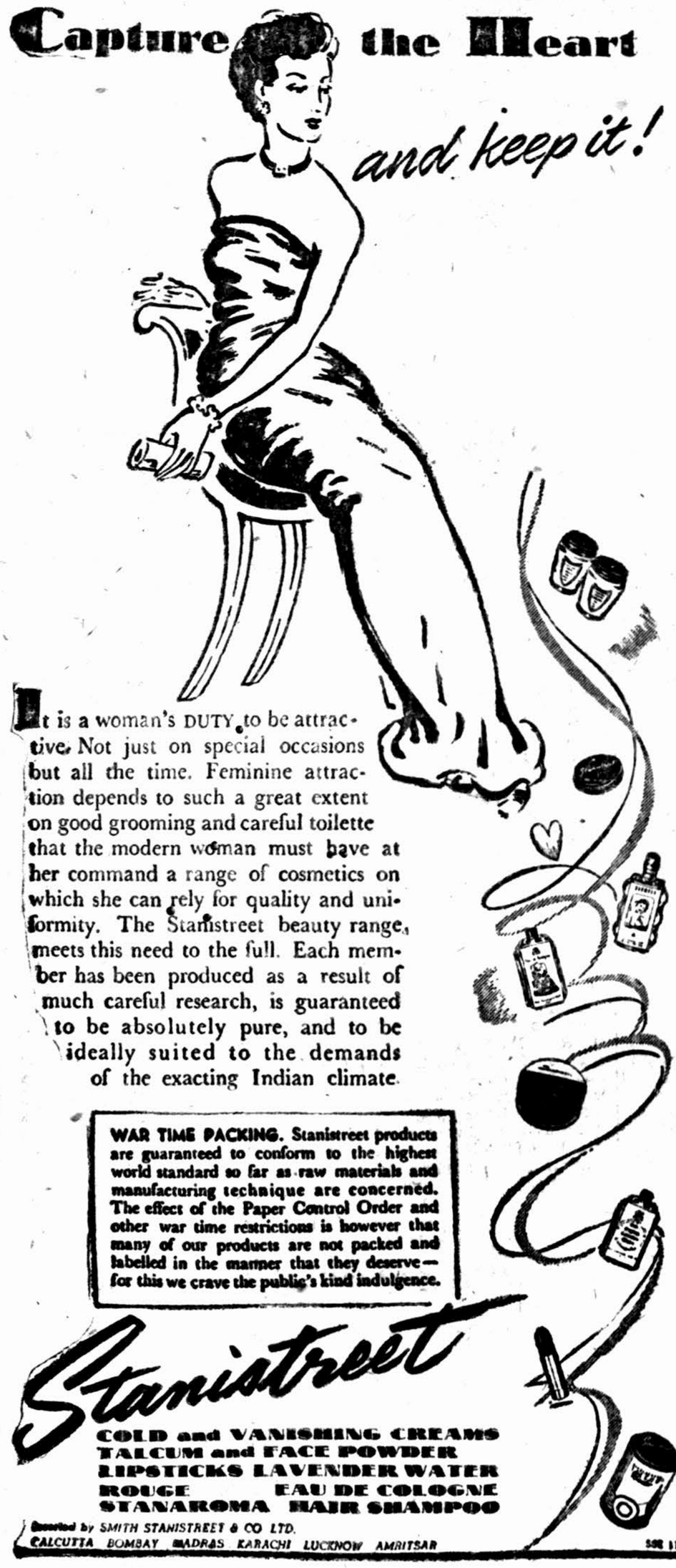
★ ★ ★

The Sunday-school teacher was telling the class a Bible story.

"Elijah built an altar and piled wood on it," he said; "then he cut up the bullock in pieces and laid them on top. Next, he ordered the people to fill four barrels with water and pour it on the altar. Now, can any boy tell me why all this was poured over the bullock on the altar?"

Up spoke a bright boy.

"To make lots of gravy," he said.



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ADVENT ANNIVERSARY OF SRI KRISHNA CHAITANYYA

The 458th Advent Anniversary of Sri Krishna Chaitanya Mahaprabhu will be celebrated at Sri Gaudya Math (Cullianwas Building, Gowalia Tank Road), on Monday, 26th Feb. There will be Sankirtan from 6-30 to 7-15 p.m., lecture in English from 7-15 to 8-15 p.m., Arthakam from 8-15 to 8-30 p.m., lecture in Hindi from 8-30 to 9-30 p.m. and "Prasad" at 9-30 p.m. On Tuesday distribution of Prasad" to the poor (in hand) will take place at 10-30 a.m. The public and devotees of the Mission are cordially invited to participate in the celebration.

Kasturba Day At Khar

(From Our Correspondent)

On Thursday morning a prayer meeting was held at Laxmibagar Hall in memory of the late Smt. Kasturba Gandhi.

Twelve hours' continuous spinning, from morning till night took place at the Hall.

In the evening, a ladies meeting was held when Smt. Jaiyshreeben Raiji presided. She gave a short life-sketch of the late Smt. Kasturba. Other speakers included Smt Devayaniben Desai of Vile Parle and Mrs. Kusum Sayani of Dadar.

TO-DAY ON RADIO

SUNDAY, Feb. 25.
BOMBAY—1.

244 m. (1,231 k/cs)—8-0 a.m. News (H). 8-15 News (E). 8-30 Film Music. 8 50 News (M). 9-0 News (G). 9-10 To-morrow. 9-15 Gajanan Karnad. 9 35 Indumati Chaubal 9 50 Saraswati Rane. 11-0 AIR Orch. 11-15 "Antkadi" 11-45 Azmat Husain Khan.

12-45 p.m. News (M). 12-50 News (G). 12-55 News (H). 1-0 Film Music. 1-30 News (E). 1-40 Lunch-Hour Music (E). 5-0 Kadak Lukshmi 5-55 Locals. 6-0 Azmat Husain Khan. 6-30 News (E). 6-40 News (H). 6-45 Gujarati Songs. 7-0 Gajanan Karnad. 7-15 Kannada Songs. 7-30 Saraswati Rane. 8-15 News (M). 8 30 News (G). 8-45 Let Us Play You Something. 9 0 News (H). 9-20 News (E). 9 30 B. B. C. News. 9-45 Bankrupt's Balance Sheet. 10-0 AIR Orch. 10-45 Boyd Neel String Orchestra. 11-0 Close down.

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CITY AND SUBURBS

To-day

Hindu: Falgun Shud 14, 2001.
Muslim: Rabi-ul-Avval 11, 1364.
Parsi: Shehrever 25, 1314.
Sunrise: 8-1 a.m. Sunset: 7-43 p.m
High tide: 12-17, —.
Low tide: 6-43, 18-20.

To-day's Engagements

TO-DAY'S FILM SHOW AT ROXY: Special Red Army Day film programme, at Roxy, 10-15 a.m.

IN AID OF POOR BOYS' FUND: Kumari Juthika Ray's concert at Khalsa College, Matunga, at 6-15 p.m., to-day.

FORT ARYA SAMAJ MEETING: Under the auspices of the Fort Arya Samaj a public meeting will be held to-day at 4-30 p.m.

BANDRA MUSIC CIRCLE: Mrs. Anjani Lolekar will entertain the members of the Bandra Music Circle, at St. Martin's Hall, Bandra, to-day, at 9-30 p.m.

"BOMBAY MARATHA SAMAJ SEVA SANGH": The annual general meeting of the above Sangh will be held to-day at 6 p.m., on the Maidan of the "Ballasis Road Vyayam Shala."

BOMBAY TAMIL SANGHAM: Mr. Sundaresa Iyer will conduct Class in 'Thirukural', to-day, at 11-30 a.m. at the Premier School Premises, Telang Road, Matunga.

POSTAL HOLIDAY: To-morrow (Monday), will be a Post Office holiday on account of Meeladi-Nabi Fatheha Buezdanam Id-e-Milad Barawafat.

LT. HAMEED'S TALK: To-day (Sunday), at 5-55 p.m., Lt. Hameed will broadcast a talk on 'The New Mechanical Training Establishment of the R. I. N at Lonavia.

ARYA SAMAJ, FORT: annual general body meeting to be under the presidentship of Dr. U. M. Kalkini to-day, at 9-00 a.m. (N. S. T.), at the Samaj Mandir.

PRAMAN SAHASRI: Under the auspices of the Ramtirth Yogashram is arranged Yogiraj Shri Umeshchandraji will discourse on "Praman Sahasri", today at 10 a.m., at Shri Ramtirth Yogashram 448, Sandhurst Road.

FLAG SALUTATION: Flag Salutation of Girgaum Dist. Congress Comittee, to-day at 9 a.m. (N. S. T.), Compound of J. K. Buildings, Gaumdevi, Bombay. Sjt. Appasaheb Patwardhan will hoist the flag.

HEALTH DAY: School Children's Health Day, Health Exhibition and cinema films free to the public, at Gilder Tank Maidan, Grant Road, to be opened at 5-10 p.m. (N. S. T.), by Mr. U. M. Mirchandani, the Municipal Commissioner.

RAMKRISHNA ASHRAM, KHAR: To-day 10 a.m. (S. T.), at Mission Library Hall, Khar Road, discourse ((In English) on Bhagawat Geeta; and at 6-30 p.m. (S. T.), at Mission Library Hall, Khar Road, (In English), on Teachings of Bhagawan Shree Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

DISTRIBUTION OF PENICILLIN: To control the distribution of penicillin in the Province, the Bombay Government appointed nine assessors to issue certificates that a case is one suitable for treatment with this drug. To the original list of nine assessors, 17 more names have now been added.

JUTHIKA ROY TO SING FOR BENEFIT OF RAMKRISHNA ASHRAM.

A benefit performance will be given at the New Empire on Sunday 4th March, at 10 a.m., in aid of the Shree Ramakrishna Mission Charitable Dispensary, Free Library and Students Home extension activities.

Performers will include Kumari Jyuthika Roy, Sachin Dev Burman, Ramachandra Pal and others.

Kerosene Ration For March

A press note issued by the Supply Commissioner, Bombay, states that the value of one kerosene unit on K (H) Ration Card for non-lighting purposes in Bombay City and the Bombay Suburban District has been fixed at 4 pints (1/2 gallon) per month for the month of March, only. During the same month oil issued on K (H) permits to hotels and establishments for non-lighting purposes will be 2 gallons per month and oil issued on K (L) cards issued to business premises will be 1 gallon per month.

The value of a unit on K (L) cards issued to unelectrified residential tenements remains unchanged at 1/4 gallon per month.

Only To Hot Milk Shops

The recent amendment to the notification of November 24, 1944 whereby "hot milk shops wherein tea or coffee is not supplied or served" are allowed to sell milk for consumption on the premises irrespective of the consumer's age, seems to have been misunderstood. The public is informed that the amendment applies only to hot milk shops which sell nothing but milk.

MILK RATION CARDS.

A new morning as well as evening milk distribution centre will be opened at the Rationing Office, F (North) Ward, Nappoo Hall, from Monday (February 26). The registration of the milk ration cards will begin from that date and the manager in charge of the centre will inform the card holders the date on which they will begin to get their supply of milk.

Favourites And Outsiders Alternate At Mahaluxmi

The following are the results of yesterday's races held at Mahaluxmi:

THE KURLA PLATE Division II—Distance 1 mile.

Maharaja of Gwalior's RAJENDRA 8-13 Magan Singh 1
Mr. Chandra Mohan's JUPITER 8-13 Hanuman Singh 2
Mr. Osman Chotani's PATRIOT 9-0 B. Khalil 3
Sardar Rao Bahadur Thube's FAITHFUL 8-13 Khade 4

Won by 3/4 length, 1 length. 2 lengths

Not run: Adnan Hamed.

Time: 1 minute 54 4/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 157. Places Rs. 74, Rs. 18 and Rs. 17.

THE WORLI PLATE Division III—Distance 5 furlongs.

Lady Sherbanoo Chinoy's JUBILATION 8-4 B. McQuade 1
Mr. Jacob Heskel's KILLARNEY 8-4 Jones 2
Major D. D. Nimbalkar's MOVING PICTURE 8-4 P. Khade 3
H. H. Maharaja of Gwalior's SILVER SEAL 8-4 Roberts 4

Won by 2 1/2 lengths, 4 lengths, 1 1/2 lengths.

Not run: Gold Glimpse Valetta, Aquiligia, Pan Patti.

Time: 1 minute 4 4/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 26. Places Rs. 13, Rs. 24 and Rs. 23.

THE KURLA PLATE Division I—Distance 1 mile.

Mr. B. R. Gupta's WALDYE 8-13 Evans 1
Mr. R. T. Wandekar's KARAMAL RAHIM 8-13 Hanuman Singh 2
Maharaja of Gwalior's RED BLINKERS 9-0 Roberts 3
Mr. J. D. Banatwalla's BLACK HUSSAR 9-0 Whiteside 4

Won by 1 1/2 lengths, Hd, 2 length

Not run: Isfoog, Easy Chair, Shree Ranjit, Mosaki Pasha.

Time: 1 minute 53 1/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 24. Places Rs. 13, Rs. 16 and Rs. 22.

THE WORLI PLATE Division II—Distance 5 furlongs.

Mr. P. D. Bolton's PHILOSAN 8-4 Evans 1
M/s. Hope and A. L. J. Talib's DULHAN 8-4 Kheem Singh 2
Mr. P. H. Vaswani's MORTON DAISY 8-4 Rook 3
Mr. B. A. Thorstenson's MY STAR 8-4 Britt 4

Won by 2 1/2 lengths, Nk, 1 1/2 lengths.

Not run: Punter's Delight, Pearl Mahal.

Time: 1 minute 5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 27, Places Rs. 16, Rs. 21 and Rs. 64.

THE LOVEGROVE PLATE—Distance 6 furlongs.

Mr. Osman Chotani's PICK ME UP 7-9 B. Khalil 1
Mr. A. M. Khairaz's BROADCAST 7-11 Poshni 2
H. H. Maharaja of Gwalior's BLUE PENCIL 9-0 Magan Singh 3
Maharaja of Parlakimedi's LYDIA 8-9 Dasrath Singh 4

Won by 2 lengths, S-hd, 2 lengths.

Not run: General Montgomery, Maid of Manjri.

Time: 1 minute 17 1/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 84. Places Rs. 22, Rs. 40 and Rs. 18.

THE CHANTILLY PLATE—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

Mr. J. D. Banatwalla's ROYAL PAGE 8-7 Raffaele 1
Maharani Chimnabai and Maharaja of Cooch Behar's DON'T SHOOT 8-7 Whiteside 2
Maharaja of Gwalior's LUCRATIVE 9-0 Sibbritt 3
Maharaja of Baroda's FLASHING PRINCE 8-12 Britt 4

Won by 1 1/2 lengths, 1-length. 1 length.

Not run: Khan Bahadur, Mahboob.

Time: 2 minutes 8 2/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 121. Places Rs. 31, Rs. 17 and Rs. 45.

THE H. F. CHARD PLATE—Distance 6 furlongs.

Maharaja of Baroda's STAR OF SIROHI 7-7 Khade 1
Maharaja of Gwalior's GAY JESTER 9-9 Roberts 2
Maharaja of Parlakimedi's CLITHEROE 7-9 Sibbritt 3
Maharaja Kumar of Morvi's SAPODIL 8-4 Burn 4

Won by Hd., 1/2 length, 3/4 length All ran.

Time: 1 minute 15 2/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 48. Places Rs. 17 and Rs. 14.

THE MUMBRA PLATE—Distance 1 1/2 miles.

M/s. Minzley and Osman's STAR BRILLIANT 9-4 Jones 1
Mr. R. P. Ebrahim's FLOWER OF CALCUTTA 8-2 Khade 2
Mr. H. C. Jehangir's HINDUSTAN 9-4 Hanuman Singh 3
Mr. M. D. Abraham's AMAL AL SHABAB 9-2 Whiteside 4

Won by 1/2 length, 1/2 length, 1/2 length.

Not run: Akhu Amin, Miami.

Time. 2 minutes 59 1/5 seconds.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 155. Places Rs. 37, Rs. 20 and Rs. 16.

THE WORLI PLATE Division I—Distance 5 furlongs.

Mr. R. J. Gazdar's BELAMINA 8-9 Burn 1
Mr. A. S. Tyebjee's EASTERN JEST 8-4 Rook 2
Major D. D. Nimbalkar's CHOCOLATE BABY 8-4 Khade 3
Mr. Jacob Heskel's SHE'S NICE 8-4 Jones 4

Not run: China Doll, Sunshine Baby.

Tote paid: Win Rs. 23. Places Rs. 15, Rs. 22 and Rs. 31.

Nayudu Jubilee Teams Personnel

The following is the personnel of the teams selected to play for the C. K. Nayudu Jubilee match on Monday, February 26 at the Brabourne Stadium. Fifty per cent. of the proceeds of this match will be presented to Lt.-Col. C. K. Nayudu

NAYUDU'S XI: C. K. Nayudu (Capt.) K. V. Bhandarker Rangachari, C. S. Nayudu, R. S. Modi, Mushtaq Ali Gul Mahomed C. T. Sarwate R. B. Nimbalker, M. M. Jagdale, Denis Compton.

Reserves: J. S. Bhaya and Gaikwad.

C. C. I. XI: D. B. Deodhar (Capt), E. S. Maka Amir Elahi, Vinoo Mankad, V. M. Merchant, V. S. Hazare, R. S. Cooper Abdul Hafeez G. Kishenchand, K. B. Khot Balooch.

Reserves: Anwar Hussain and N. H. Colah.

Timings: 11-15 to 1-15, 2-15 to 4-15; 4-30 to 6-15.

CUSROW BAUG SPORTS.

To-day there will be a sport programme under the auspices of the Cusrow Baug Sports Committee, at co-operage, at 2 30 p.m. (S. T.). The President of the Western India Football Association, Mr. D. Moir will preside.

CATHOLIC GYMKHANA SPORTS: To-day, at 2 p.m., Grant Medical College Gymkhana. The programme includes 25 events for children, seniors, juniors, women and veterans. Championship cups for men and women have been presented by Dr. Clement Pereira and Mr. A. Gouveia Pinto, respectively.

Injured By Bomb

HARIPUR, Feb. 23.

Some unknown persons threw a bomb at the house of a young Muslim, the bomb exploded and the young man was seriously injured. The police are investigating.—O. P.

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Privy Council Dismisses Appeal

Rajaji Prays That Viceroy Should Exercise Clemency In Case Of Kulashekarapatnam Accused

MADRAS, Feb. 24.

According to information received by cable from London, the appeal preferred before the Privy Council on behalf of the Kulasekharaptnam Case prisoners have been dismissed by the Council.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar who had been arranging to defend the accused and raised a fund in this connection in a statement to the "United Press" says: "I regret very much to have to publish the following cable received from the solicitors in London.

The Board has decided to dismiss the appeal. You may now move the Government for remission of the death sentences stressing the doubts expressed by Mr. Justice Varadachariar and the Board's dismissal for the appeal without considering the merits.

"It only remains now to press the clemency petition before the Viceroy as suggested by the solicitors in London on the double ground of doubts expressed by one of the learned judges of the Federal Court and the fact that the Privy Council has disposed of the appeal without going into merits of the case, especially the question of particular responsibility for intention to kill thrown of in respect of the present appellants by a legal presumption.

The Viceroy has already before him the clemency petitions of the condemned persons, the numerously signed memorials sent by respectable citizens of various districts from South India, as well as my own letters discussing the merits of the case and grounds for clemency. As I have already said in a previous statement, the Viceroy has decided to issue his orders on the disposal of the appeal to the Privy Council".

The accused sentenced to death in the case were Messrs. Kasirajan and Rajagopalan who were charged with having formed an unlawful assembly to set fire to a salt factory at Kulasekharapatnam in August 1942 and were alleged to have murdered an assistant Salt Inspector. In August 1943, the Federal Court granted leave to appeal to the Privy Council on an application moved on behalf of the two accused against the decision of the Federal Court itself confirming the death sentences passed on them by the Madras High Court.—United Press.

MURDER CASE ACCUSED TO DIE

MADRAS, Feb. 23.

The Privy Council has dismissed the appeal in the Kulasekarapatnam Murder Case in which two youths were sentenced to death by the Sessions Judge, Tinnevelly, which sentence the Madras High Court subsequently confirmed on an appeal.

The advice is contained in a cable received today from solicitors in London and Mr. Pritt who appeared for the appellant.

The case was an offshoot of the August disturbance in Kulasekarapatnam village in Tinnevelly District in the course of which a salt factory there was raided and Mr. Loane, Excise Inspector was killed. Kasirajan and Rajagopalan who were charged with the murder of Mr. Loane were sentenced to death by the Sessions Judge, Tinnevelly.

The cable suggests steps to move the authorities for mercy to the accused.—A. P.

OFFENSIVE TO DESTROY GERMAN APATHY WEST OF RHINE

Eisenhower On New Allied Drive: Ninth Army Troops Capture Four German Towns

PARIS, Feb. 24: General Eisenhower declared that the purpose of the new Allied offensive was the destruction of German apathy on the north front west of the Rhine. He added that he expected to achieve the purpose.

General Eisenhower, told a mass gathering of war correspondents here to-day: "I am convinced that there is only one way to defeat Germany and that will be when Allied armies meet Russian armies in the centre of Germany.

"Given a continuation of the conditions as we see them now and reasonable weather—and I am not asking for July Kansas weather—the attack we are seeing now should mark the beginning of the destruction of the German forces west of the Rhine", he declared.

"We expect to destroy every German west of the Rhine and within the area in which we are attacking."

Ninth Army troops have captured the German towns of Baal, Korrenzig, Broich and Hambach in a gain of up to three and a half miles east of the Roer river. The general depth of the bridgehead is now two miles.

American troops are across the Linnich-Juelich-Dueren road in several places, writes Reuter's special correspondent.

The effectiveness of the Ninth United States' Air Force's tremendous effort in isolating the battlefield and slowing up the German counter-attacks is shown by the fact that it was 19 hours before the first decided German reaction was felt. When the attacks did come they were in the Linnich-Dueren area. German aircraft tried to support their ground troops near Linnich during the night.

The Ninth Army took 1239 prisoners yesterday in their push.

United States First Army gained one to two miles after crossing the river and experienced only light casualties in spite of increasing resistance after the initial surprise.

The American First and Ninth armies launched an offensive at 3-30 this morning across the Roer river, east of Aachen, after intense artillery preparation and air bombardment. Cables Reuter's Special Correspondent at S.H.A.E.F. on Friday night.

TRIPLE MURDER IN LAHORE

LAHORE, Feb. 23.—A triple murder in cold blood was perpetrated last night in Quila Guzzar Singh in the Lahore city, the victims being Dr. Lalchand, a medical practitioner, his wife and a domestic servant.

It is stated that some people rang the bell at the door of the doctor at midnight to which he responded. As he opened the door the murderers who were armed with 'kirpans' and other weapons suddenly pounced upon the victim and inflicted a number of gaping wounds on his person causing instantaneous death.

His wife who entered the room immediately was similarly dealt with as also their domestic servant aged 13 years who came to his master's rescue.

The only inmate spared in the house was a little child who was in an adjoining room.

The motive of the murders yet remains a mystery as no property is reported to have been removed from the house.—United Press.

Lady Mirza's Jewellery Theft Accused Remanded

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Ranga Chetty Timma Chetty, a servant of Lady Mirza Ismail, who was arrested at Bangalore, a few days back in connection with the theft of jewels and ornaments valued at about one lakh of rupees was produced to-day before the Chief Presidency Magistrate. Applying for a remand of the accused to custody, the police stated that the accused was the servant, who carried the precious attache case containing jewels and ornaments. As he is suspected to be implicated in the crime, the police arrested him. Pending police inquiries, the Magistrate directed him to be remanded to custody.

2,92,819 DEATHS IN 6 MONTHS

CALCUTTA, Feb. 23.

Two lakhs, ninety-two thousand, eight hundred and nineteen persons died of malaria in Bengal during six months from May to October 1944.

This included 2,89,216 deaths in the Rural and 3,603 in the Urban areas.

These figures were supplied by Khan Sahib Hamiduddin Ahmed, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Public Health replying to a question in Bengal Legislative Assembly to-day.

The number of deaths in the corresponding period of 1942 and 1941 1,83,391 and 1,58,906 respectively. The highest figure of malaria mortality in one month in Rural areas was in the month of October 1943 when as many as 72,445 deaths were recorded.—A. P.

SIR PURSHOTAMDAS INDISPOSED.

Sir Purshotamdas Thakurdas is indisposed and will not be able to fulfil his engagements for a fortnight.

"HOISTING CONGRESS FLAG IS NO OFFENCE"

Can Be Removed If It Tends To Revive Aug. Movement

KARACHI, Feb. 23.

The question whether hoisting of a national flag on private houses was an offence was raised in the Sind Assembly today by Mr. Nichaldas Vazirani who asked whether it was a fact that on Independence Day last year the police had removed the national flag from private houses and shops in Karachi.

The Home Minister, Khan Bahadur Mir Ghulam Ali, said that he presumed that by national flag Mr. Nichaldas meant the Congress Flag. If so, the Home Minister said the display of Congress Flag on private buildings was not prohibited but if such display should have the effect of reviving Congress agitation, Government would consider it necessary to interfere.

Vijayalakshmi To Cross Swords With British M.P.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23

Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit and Robert Boothby, British Member of Parliament, will cross swords in coast to coast broadcast discussion here on March 1 when they appear in the "town meeting air" programme—one of the biggest air forums in the United States.

The question to be discussed is, "Are Colonial Empires a threat to world peace?"

With Mrs. Pandit on the affirmative side will be Mr. Owen Lattimore, Former Adviser to Chiang Kai-Shek. Mr. Boothby opposing will be supported by Mr. Joe Fischer, formerly of Singapore.—Reuter.

Tagore House To Be Built In London

LONDON, Feb. 23

Mr. P. Seal, has been re-elected Chairman of the Tagore Society of London, Miss Saklatvala, General Secretary, and Mr. B. B. Chaudhuri, organising secretary.

The poet, Laurence Housman, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Vera Brittain, Prof. Catlin and P. Mukerji have been elected members of the Council.

The Society decided to issue an appeal in Great Britain, the United States and India for the support of the proposed establishment of a Tagore House in London.—Reuter.

Jinnah, Only Man To Deliver Goods, Says Shafaat Ahmed

NEW DELHI, Feb. 24.

Sir Shafaat Ahmed Khan in a statement to the Press on the report that His Highness the Aga Khan will make a serious effort on his arrival in India next month to bring about Hindu-Muslim settlement says: "a correspondent of a paper has also brought in my name in connection with this move. I have had had no correspondence with His Highness since the war started, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, His Highness is not likely to attempt anything of the sort when he arrives in India next month. I am convinced that the only person who can deliver the goods on behalf of Muslim India is Mr. Jinnah".—A. P.

GREEK QUISLINGS ON TRIAL

Court Rules Out Challenge To Its Authority

ATHENS, Feb. 23.

After three hours' deliberation in camera the Court which is trying 22 Greeks including former Prime Ministers, on charges of collaborationism this afternoon declared the trials were valid.

It overruled the objection by the defending counsel who held that the Court was incompetent and that the special law under which the trials are being conducted was unconstitutional.—Reuter.

Germany, Now And Then

Hitler Too Busy To Address Old Colleagues

LONDON, Feb. 24: The German News Agency said that an address from Hitler was read at a meeting of Nazi old party comrades in Munich to-day.

The meeting celebrated the 25th anniversary of the formation of the Party's programme.

Hitler said: "My sense of duty and work prevents me from leaving the headquarters even for a moment".—

"There is enormous difference between the Germany of 1920 and that of 1945. Then there was a completely paralysed nation: to-day there is a fanatically resisting people. Then there was a decayed order of society which had outlived itself: to-day there is an unshakable people's community which is in the process of building itself up. Had the Germany of that time possessed but a fraction of the power of resistance of the Germany of to-day it would never have collapsed.

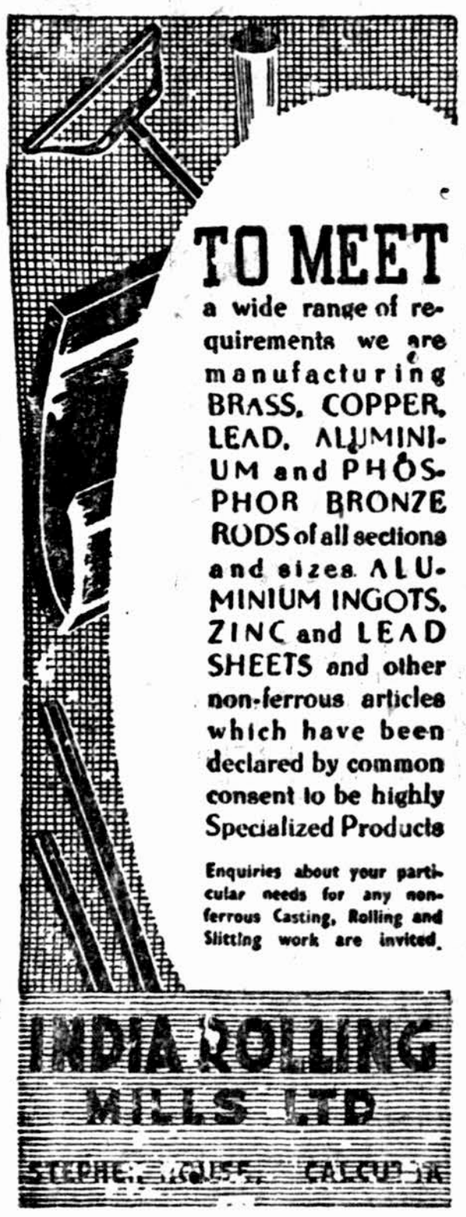
"Again the fate of the German race is being decided. Who doubts to-day that the German people would have ever been in a position to face a crisis of this kind if the National Socialist revolution had not changed the structure of the German nation.

"Who can argue with fact that without National Socialism Germany would ever have sufficient material to defy this devilish coalition which is now threatening our existence. Only a bourgeois idiot can be of the opinion that the flood from the east could have been countered with diplomatic documents instead of by guns and planes".—Reuter.

Ram Singh Replaces K. C. Ibrahim

MADRAS, Feb. 24.

Mr. K. S. Ranga Rao, Hony. Secretary to the Board of Control for Cricket in India, announces that an invitation has been extended to A. G. Ram Singh of Madras, to go to Ceylon with the All-India Cricket team as K. C. Ebrahim of Bombay is unable to go to Ceylon with the All-India Team.—A. P.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RED ARMY—INSTRUMENT OF VICTORY!

A WEEK OF WAR By N. G. Jog

FEBRUARY, 23.

Today the Red Army celebrates its 27th anniversary though not in Berlin, as was optimistically anticipated some days ago.

Marshal Zhukov, who swept from the Vistula to the Oder almost in one bound is still on the wrong side of the latter river, even if he may have established a few bridge-heads to the west. His progress on the vital central front is halted for the time being and he seems to have passed the ball to Marshal Koniev. Berlin is still forty to fifty miles from the nearest approaches of the Red Army, though it is already reverberating to the boom of Soviet artillery.

The very fact, however that one professes to regret that the Red Army is not celebrating its birthday by a march through the Unter den Linden shows the amazing transformation which has come over the war situation in the last month and half. It would have appeared foolhardy at the beginning of the new year to expect an end of the war in the foreseeable future.

There was a prolonged stalemate on the Eastern Front and the Wehrmacht seemed to be sitting pretty on the Warsaw line. In the west, it had actually passed to the offensive and upset all Allied plans. We could hardly say as we rang out the old year that the outlook for its successor was particularly bright. Of course victory was certain and almost round the proverbial corner—though nobody could say when the corner would be turned.

Like A Symphony

In the midst of hopes deferred until the heart was becoming sick, the Red Army struck suddenly and unexpectedly at Warsaw on the 11th of January. Moscow did not announce the news until the First Ukrainian Army Group of Marshal Koniev had already begun to storm the gates of the Polish capital. And even when it was broadcast, it was not called the winter offensive as such.

It proved, however, like the opening of a mighty symphony. The first note was taken up by the second and the second by the third until the music swelled to its mighty crescendo. Hardly was Koniev across the Vistula, when Zhukov, too, struck like a thunderbolt. Soon Rokossovsky and Chernakovsky (who met with a hero's death last week) were in the running in the north and General Petrov in the north. The entire battle-front was being rolled up like a blood-red carpet before our eyes. Bastion after bastion crumbled down; division after division was broken, encircled and annihilated and the victorious Red Army seemed set for the very heart of the third Reich.

We forgot even the Hungarian front, where Budapest was passing through its last agonies.

"On To Berlin" was the cry of the Red Army and like spectators at a match the whole world took up the cry and cheered the victorious Russian Marshals to the echo Who would be the first to reach the goal? Of course Zhukov who was making a beeline to Berlin Nothing seemed to stop him nor to make him look back. Our hopes reached a new high as he reached the Oder—the German river of destiny. Would he surmount this last obstacle and keep a date with Hitler on the anniversary day of the Red Army?

Koniev Sweeps Ahead

It soon became pretty obvious to the discerning eye that he couldn't. His swiftest moving land offensive of all time had to come to a halt after marching 270 miles from his base—seventy miles more than the previous record of the Red Army. He had to take a breather, regroup, replenish, reinforce and look to the right and left and also behind his back where still stood the unreduced hedgehog of Posen In front of him General Guderian was piling men and tanks in a feverish bid to protect Berlin Even Goering was becoming lavish with his dwindling Luftwaffe.

The eastern front nevertheless was still being rolled back to Berlin—if not frontally, from the flanks. Koniev promptly took the opportunity to regain the lead he had lost to Zhukov. The Oder may have halted the latter but the former crossed it as if he were leaping over a ditch. One group of his second Ukrainian Army dashed straight ahead towards Dresden and Leipzig while another turned northwards so as to link up with Zhukov's army. His drive is being directed principally towards Kottbus, the key rail junction which bars the advance towards the Spree-Oder Canal and the region due south of Berlin. A fierce battle is already joined for Guben, 65 miles from the German capital.

When, therefore, one says that the Russian offensive has slowed down it is only in a relative sense. There is no lull on any front, even if the period of rapid advance has passed for the time being owing to the fanatical German resistance. That resistance is taking a suicidal character in the bypassed bastions like Posen and Koenigsberg, the garrison of which is making a frantic attempt to break out to the port of Pillau, in the vain hope of staging a Baltic Dunkirk. According to Berlin, the German army is waging a life-and-death struggle on twelve different sectors of the eastern front alone!

Stupendous Achievements

In the order of the day he has issued on the 27th anniversary day, Marshal Stalin has summed up the stupendous achievements of the Red Army in the first forty days of the winter offensive. In this period the Red Army ejected the Germans from 300 towns, captured about 100 war plants manufacturing tanks aircraft, armaments and ammunition, occupied over 2,400 railway stations and seized a network of railways totalling over 9,000 miles. It also destroyed or seized about 3,000 German aircraft, over 4,500 tanks and self-propelled guns and no less than 12,000 guns.

More significant than this list are the casualties inflicted upon the German army. Within forty days 800,000 Germans have been killed and 350,000 captured. The ratio of these two is itself a revealing index of the furious nature of German resistance. These figures will be considerably bigger when the isolated and encircled German division in Latvia, East Prussia and Poland are finally compelled to surrender.

Marshal Stalin also legitimately takes the credit for the Russian winter offensive having thwarted Rundstedt's offensive on the western front and for having enabled the Allies to link up their offensive operations with those of the Red Army. It may be noted, however that Eisenhower had stabilised his front appreciably and pulled out the worst fangs of Rundstedt by the end of the last year, which means eleven days before the Russian offensive began.

Since then, of course, the German pressure on the western front has practically disappeared and, as a matter of fact a large number of Panzers are being hastily withdrawn for the defence of Berlin. This opens a golden opportunity to the Allies to deliver a mighty crack to the enemy and Field Marshal Montgomery has promised as much in so many words. The western front is no doubt extremely lively all along its length but there are no signs yet of the full-blooded, all-out offensive which everybody is expecting. The sooner it comes, the better for the prestige of the Anglo-American armies!

World-wide Speculation

The Crimea decisions will be the subject of a debate in the House of Commons next week when Mr. Churchill is expected to give a full report to the Parliament on his discussions with the other Big Two. On his return to Washington President Roosevelt too will take the public in his confidence in his favourite fire-side chat manner.

By the way what happened to the press interview which Roosevelt was reported to be giving en route exclusively for American consumption. The regular White House reporters were said to be flown specially for that interview? Has it been cancelled—or blacked-out by Reuter and other British news agencies by way of retaliation?

Neither Churchill nor Roosevelt—let alone the inscrutable Stalin—will, however, breathe a word about a matter in which the world is most interested—to wit, the possibility of the Soviet taking a part—active or passive—in the war against Japan. Speculation is rampant everywhere and all the Nosey Parkers and Champion Snoopers seem to be of the unanimous opinion that the Big Three have arrived at a definite understanding on this issue.

Don Iddon, the New York correspondent of the "Daily Mail", makes a categorical assertion that Stalin has promised to enter the war against Japan, the *quid pro quo* being huge credits extended by the United States to Russia. The date fixed for the San Francisco Allied Conference—one day after the day when the Soviet-Jap treaty must be reaffirmed or denounced—is also intriguing—though it is officially announced in Washington that the coincidence is purely accidental.

Passive Participation

This speculation has already has one excellent result, in that it has considerably increased the jitters of the Japs. After all Russia is the historical adversary of Japan and for all their professed friendship, the Japs have always been apprehensive of Russian intentions. Indeed, they would have taken the first opportunity to attack the Soviet, had the Red Army shown the least sign of collapsing under Hitler's invasion in 1941

Now the boot is on the other leg and the hard-headed Stalin may himself take the opportunity of avenging the ignominious Russian reverse of 1905 and of further strengthening his Asiatic frontiers—the classic excuse of Soviet expansion. The shadow of the Red Army has already begun to fall ominously upon the Land of the Setting Sun. In spite of the pressing calls upon it, the Japanese Imperial Command is maintaining 24 infantry divisions, three motorised brigades and seven of its best armoured brigades along the Soviet-Japanese frontier in Manchuria.

In a sense, therefore, it means that the Red Army is already participating in the Far Eastern war by tying up all this formidable army. It stands to reason that the Red Army also must be having commensurate forces on the frontier. For all one knows, therefore, the Red Army may eventually prove an instrument of victory as much in the East as in the West.

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C. M. LUHAR
An Evergreen Release

Next Attraction
CAPITOL

'Chandragupta' At West End

The press and picture-goers alike accorded warm reception to Jayant Desai's "Samrat Chandragupta" yesterday when it had its national premiere at New West End.

The picture itself is a grand tribute to India's two noblest sons Chandragupta and Chanakya played by Ishwarlal and Nayampalli and recounts in an inspiring manner the story of the struggle that Chandragupta waged against Nand and the guidance of his Guru Chanakya to make his motherland free from all tyranny and strong and united to counteract any foreign aggression. In the course of this battle in which sword and wit played equally important role. Jayant Desai has brought out the characters of the idealist Chandragupta, who for the sake of justice was ever ready to hang his wife and the politician Chanakya who with his great resourcefulness could always find some means to surmount all the difficulties in the attainment of his goal.

This beautifully enacted inspiring story is further embellished by battle scenes and spectacular sets with the result that "Samrat Chandragupta" has become a very grand entertainment that Jayant Desai, the master entertainer has given us in his career. For this grand achievement apart from Jayant Desai credit is due to stars Renukadevi, Ishwarlal, Navampalli, Muberak, Sooraiya, Sulochana, Reva Shankar and others author Dave scenarist and dialogue writer Shahid Latif and dialogue writer Sagar Hussain, lyrist Pandit Madhur, music director, C. Ramchandra Cameraman Dronacharya, Recordist P. C. Subedar for their excellent work which team work which has contributed to make "Samrat Chandragupta" a great historical film

Independent Film Producers' Suggestion To Government

"Considering that the film is an essential industry both in times of peace and war and taking into account that is the eighth industry in the economy of this country, a minimum of 25 scholarships should be granted to the film industry. Out of these two-thirds should be allotted for the subjects relating to the application side of the motion picture production and one-third to the manufacture of raw films, photographic chemicals, production machinery, motion picture production and exhibition accessories". This is the main suggestion contained in a memorandum submitted by the Independent Film Producers' Association to the Government of India as a result of deliberations of the sub-Committee appointed for the purpose and of the suggestions invited and collaborations sought from the Heads of the Educational Institutions in Bombay and Poona and from leading technicians of the industry.

The Association has submitted a list of 13 subjects relating to the motion picture production and 7 subjects concerning the manufacturing side of the film industry for which scholarships should be allotted out of the 500 to be granted for training students abroad.

Regarding the qualification for the application side the students should have a working knowledge in English and a minimum of five years' experience in the line. For the manufacturing side, a degree in physics, chemistry, or engineering preferably with research experience is essential. For the former the minimum period of training should be 2 years while for the latter at least three years.

The Government is also requested to consult the panel which will be appointed by the Association and which would consist of representatives of the industry from the various film producing centres, for the selection of applicants in the first instance before taking the final decision in the matter.

Prithvi Theatre's "Shakuntala"

The Prithvi Theatre's maiden production "Shakuntala", as written by Pandit Betab, will be staged at the Royal Opera House from 10 to 16th March. The title-role is played by Uzra Mumtaz (who played Zubeidah in the People's Theatre play) while Prithviraj Kapoor himself plays the role of Dushyant, besides being responsible for the direction and production.

CITY MARKETS

Gold & Silver

BOMBAY, Feb 24

The local bullion market again ruled steady on renewed buying. At the opening there was some liquidation which was really absorbed. Forward Silver opened at Rs. 127/4 and declined to Rs. 126/8 but soon rose to Rs. 127/10 and steadied at Rs. 127/12. Ready Silver was quoted at Rs. 128. Forward Gold opened at Rs. 72/8 and after declining to Rs. 72/6 advanced to Rs. 73/5 and steadied at Rs 73/4. Ready Silver was quoted at Rs. 73/6, and tone was steady.

The market was steady and finally closed as under:—

SILVER			
Ready	127	6	0
Settlement	127	2	0
GOLD			
Ready	73	6	0
Settlement	73	4	0

Bombay Cotton

BOMBAY, Feb. 24.

The cotton market opened today at Rs. 441 for March delivery and declined to Rs. 439/12 under scattered selling and steadied at Rs. 440/8 with a restricted turnover. There was less disposition to operate and the market was dull.

Later on there was slightly increased selling and March declined to Rs. 437/12. The market finally closed at 3 p. m. as under:

I.C.C. March	438	8	0
I.C.C. May	447	0	0
I.C.C. July	459/8/0		

COTTON PARITY

Indian Cotton March Contract is 506 points below New York March at Exchange rate 331

HIGH & LOW COTTON PRICES

BOMBAY, Feb. 24.

	High	Low	Close
I.C.C. March	442	439/8	440/12
I.C.C. May	450/4	448	449/4
I.C.C. July	462	460	461/12
Karachi March	45/10/9	45/5	45/5/3

New York Market Quiet On Realising

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.

Prices rallied on covering in March option and the prompt stoppage of the bulk of 34 notices and Belgium enquiries for 20,000 bales. Realising attributable to Mr. Morgenthau's approval of the general purposes of Mr. Eccles's tax plan checked the advance. Prices turned easier on the reported Turkish Assembly approval of a declaration of war against Germany and Japan furthering early peace ideas. The market closed barely steady.

March delivery opened at 22.03 and after advancing to 22.14 declined to 22.06. The market closed unchanged to 11 points down. Spot cotton price declined 4 points at 22.35c. per lb.

NEW YORK COTTON

March	22.06—
May	22.00—04
July	21.69—07
October	21.14—10
December	21.03—11
January	21.02—11
March highest (10-21 a m)	22.14+08
March lowest (10 a m)	22.03—03
Middling Spot	22.35—04

NEW ORLEANS COTTON

March	21.87—03
May	21.96—05
July	21.71—04
Middling Spot	21.45—05

NOON CALL

March	22.12
May	22.06
July	21.77

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE

BOMBAY, Feb. 24.

Tata Ordinary 394 Tata Deferred 2135 Indian Iron 39/12 Steel Corpn. of Bengal 32/12 Bombay Dyeing 1782/8 Central India 385 Century 910 Gokak 296/4 Kohinoor 606/4 Simplex 267 Andhra Valley 1785 Tata Hydro 203/2 235 Belapur 223/2 Bombay Burma 235 Belapur 223/2 Bombay Burma (Old) 545

CALICUT QUOTATIONS

CALICUT, Feb. 24.

Cocoanuts Raw 88 Dry 80 Cocoanut oil 360 Copra Office 212/8 Dlpasand 212/8 Madrasnottam 225 Goodgooda 225 Pepper Wynnad 370 Country 365 Dryginger Chernad 270 Ernad 260 Coffee Robusta 85.

LONDON BULLION

LONDON, Feb. 23.

Spot 25-1/2 Forward 25-1/2 Gold Bars Fine per oz. £8/8/0

LONDON WHEAT

LONDON, Feb. 23.

Wheat Rozario Santa Fe (New crop) 41 March quoted.
Wheat Australia (Bulk) .....
...Wheat Australian (Bags) .....

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JAYANT DESAI'S Spectacular Hit

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Daily 4 Shows: 1, 4, 7, 10 p.m.
Plans open: 10 to 12, 3 to 6 p.m.

NEW
WEST END

W.I.F.A. President Guillotines Inconvenient Resolutions

By J. C. MAITRA

The Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of the Western India Football Association was held at the Cooperage on Tuesday last with a record attendance of over a hundred members. The President of the Association, Mr. D. Moir, occupied the chair. As is customary with business concerns registered under the Indian Companies Act, the President presented the Annual report and the audited statement of accounts to the meeting. Everybody had reason to be happy over the financial position of the Association as revealed by the statement of accounts. There was an excess of income over expenditure to the tune of Rs. 41,148—out of which about Rs. 18,000 will go to the Government by way of Income Tax!

QUESTION OF INCOME TAX

In regard to the Income Tax, I enquired at the meeting what had happened about its exemption. It will be recalled that two or three years ago, "The Kautilya of Cooperage"—otherwise known as "Minor" Nadkarni—obtained expert legal opinion at considerable expense as to the manner in which this Tax could be avoided by the W.I.F.A. Friend Meherji Vakil of the B.P.H.A., who is, by the way a Solicitor by profession gave the opinion that these bodies would have to pay Income Tax so long as they remained registered under be Indian Companies Act. This was the view of many other people conversant with the Income Tax Law. However, the W.I.F.A. went through all the legal processes to drop the word "Limited" from its title, and had the rules changed in the manner I have stated before.

A PIOUS HOPE

Vice-President Nadkarni jumped up, in self-defence, to explain away the situation. But to his discomfiture, Treasurer Mussy remarked that his statement was incorrect. Actually they were paying the Tax every year as usual. Still they had put up a case for exemption and were hoping that they would be exempted in the end. I am afraid it will remain only a pious hope. If they had consulted an expert on Income Tax Law, as suggested by me, perhaps the W.I.F.A. would have been saved. Even now it is not too late to mend matters. But I believe the "Kautilya" will not hear of any such thing. They want to stick to original mistake of converting the simple sporting association into a Limited Liability Company, and pay the Government through their nose!

AN INIQUITOUS LEVY

As it is, the Provincial Government is taking away twenty per cent of the total gate-receipts. I do not know the exact amount the W.I.F.A. paid last year. I should not be at all surprised if it was anywhere between 40 or 50 thousand Rupees. Even the poor people who pay two annas admission fee are not exempted. In fact they have to pay at double rate, that is 50 per cent of the gate charge. The present Government, in their haste to tax amusements does not consider the iniquity of taxing the poor so heavily and the impropriety of driving them away from healthy recreation in this manner. It is but natural that when people have to pay so much more they prefer to stay away more often than not.

HUGE EXPENSES

The W.I.F.A. spent over a lakh of rupees in conducting its matches and tournaments last year, although they refused to invite up-country Indian teams for the Rovers Cup and participate in the Inter-Provincial Tournament—for reasons best known to themselves. It cannot be for want of money as they had plenty of it at their disposal. It was not a question of saving an expense. People who could spend over a lakh of rupees in the ordinary course, could well devote a few thousands more for the All-India and Inter-Provincial tournaments. More so, when they have to pay as much as Rs. 15,000 for Income Tax! They could have reduced this partially in this manner.

MERE EYE-WASH

The Slogan of "Travel when you must" would not cut any ice with anybody when it is advanced as an excuse for not inviting up-country teams for the Rovers Cup, and for non-participation in the Santosh Trophy. As a matter of fact, teams were invited from Poona and Deola and even Bangalore, to play here.li,So the above Bangalore to play here. So the above excuse is a mere eye-wash! The underlying idea was that Indian teams should not win any of the big tournaments as far as possible. At any rate that is the unfortunate impression which the W.I.F.A. has created in the public mind by their sins of omission and commission. It will take long to dispel it from their minds.

PURCHASE OF STANDS

The W.I.F.A. now holds securities for the total value of Rs. 50,000. The Bar Stock amounts to Rs. 14,500 and not Rs. 20,000 as stated by me previously. sorry for the mistake. And out of the cash balance of Rs. 40,126, the W.I.F.A. has decided to purchase the Stands, fencing, etc. at a cost of Rs. 20,000. This is certainly a wise decision, as it will save a big annual drain to the contractors. If I say that I had pressed for it long ago, Turner and Co. may feel offended. So let them have the credit for doing the right thing at last. But I was rather amused to hear from Vice-President Summersgill at the Annual General Meeting that it will be a better investment than on the Securities. The latter paid them 3 per cent, he said, while the stands would yield 16 per cent. Does it mean the depreciation on both is equal?

CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHARITIES

During the year under review, the Association donated a sum of Rs. 51,753 to various War Funds and Charities. This brought their total to Rs. 1,04,437 since the outbreak of hostilities—an achievement for which any sporting body may be justifiably proud. Still, one cannot run away from the fact that the W.I.F.A. is averse or lukewarm in supporting causes or calamities which have a National bearing, as I have already pointed out the instances of Kasturba Memorial and Bengal and Bijapur Famine Relief Funds. "Charity begins at home" would be an excellent slogan if the W.I.F.A. devoted all their moneys for the development of Indian football That is, however, far from the case.

FOOTBALL DEVELOPMENT SCHEME

The Football Development Scheme which was inaugurated with a good deal of flourish in a certain section of the press, has met with a premature end. Powell and Curtis, the British professionals, who were entrusted with this work, have suddenly left Bombay for an All-India tour! So the good work started by them would be finished by a Senior Indian player. I do not know who that player is yet. The coming season will show the effect of their coaching at the Cooperage.

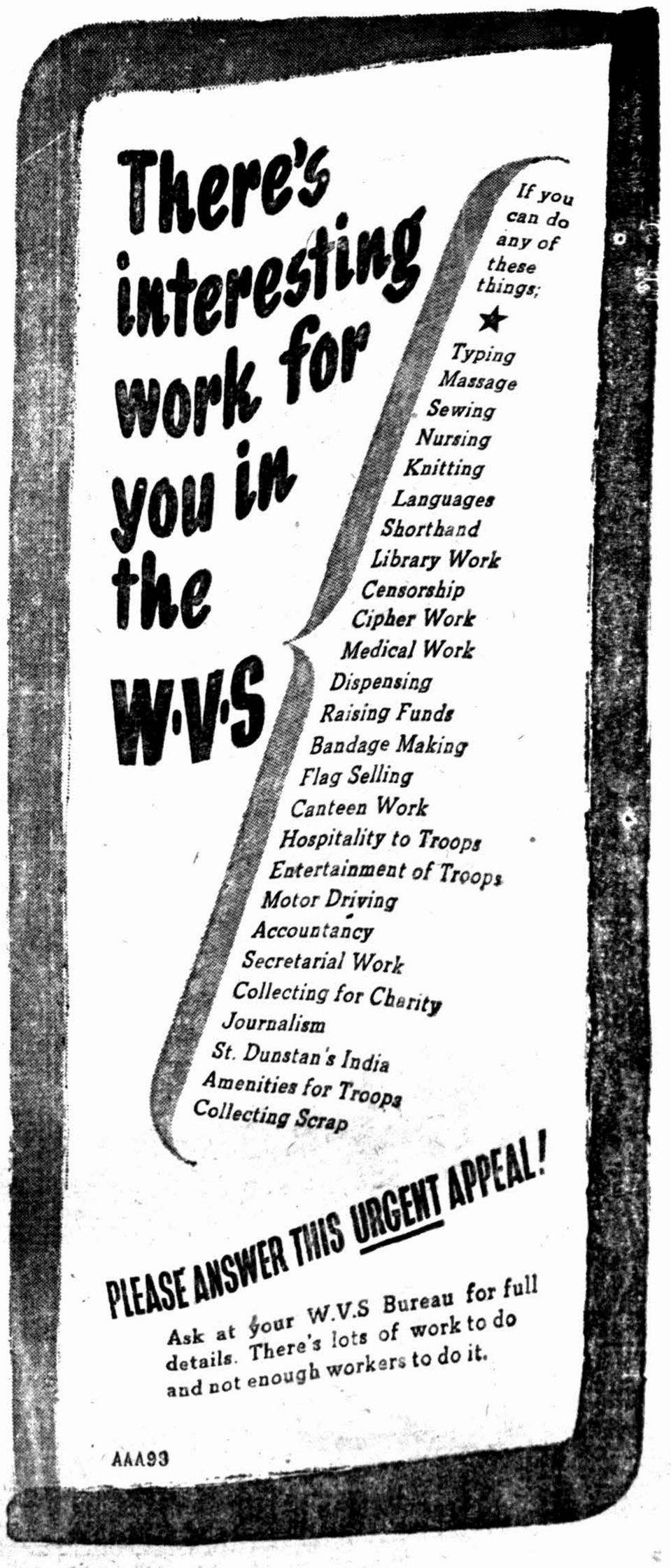
PRESENTATIONS TO TURNER AND MUSRY

Some dust was raised by Jimmy Brand on the question of presentation of Rs. 1000 to Turner and Musry. He rightly pointed out that the Committee should have made the suggestion to the General Body or should have left it to them to show their appreciation of the long and meritorious services rendered by them in a fitting manner instead of doing it themselves. But then Jimmy forgot that some members of the Committee were anxious to flatter them to safeguard their own positions in it. Personally speaking, I yield to none in my appreciation of the very valuable services rendered by both to the W.I.F.A. in particular and Bombay's soccer in general—even though I criticise the former most strongly for many of his whimsical and purblind acts. But I must say that the proper time for presentations is when one retires from the field of activity and not before that

THE ALTERNATIVE

Lastly, I must refer to the most amazing manner in which the Chairman guillotined all my resolutions, of which I had given due notice. He did not call upon me to move them as he was bound to do. Actually I got up twice to move them, but he did not take any notice of me, although I was sitting just in front of him. This led many members, who had come there particularly to support them, to believe that I was withdrawing them. After the meeting Mr. Moir told me that he understood that I did not want to move the said resolutions!

He added, however, that the proper place for discussing them was in the Committee. Nevertheless that did not forfeit my right as a member to tell and direct the Committee what they should do in certain matters. Then there was the question of fees which could be decided by the General Body alone. This means that I shall have to raise a requestion to convene a special General Meeting to consider those vital questions.



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"Send Nehru To San Francisco"

Chamanlal Urges Country-Wide Agitation For Jail Delivery

CHALLENGE TO INFORMATION MEMBER

BOMBAY Sunday.

"India is the only country in the world that pays to be defamed. In spite of Sir Sultan Ahmed's statement in the Assembly, I declare that the Indian Government has been spending more than two million rupees a year during the last two years on anti-Indian propaganda", declared Mr. Chamanlal well-known Indian journalist and author who came to Bombay yesterday after his recent return from the United States.

Mr. Chamanlal said that Sir Sultan had given the figure of four lakhs as their propaganda budget for the current year. But what he should have told the Legislature was:

(1) The Budget amount for the years 1942, 1943 and 1944.

(2) The expenditure incurred on maintaining Sir Girija Shanker Bajpai, the costliest ambassador in the world, and his staff.

(3) The expenditure incurred on maintaining the Foreign Publicity Office in Delhi, which directs Sir Girija Shanker Bajpai's office in Washington and prints materials that are flown to America.

(4) The expenditure incurred on various missions like the Sarma Mission which cost nearly two lakhs of rupees.

(5) Sir Sultan should also state how much expenditure is actually borne by the various departments —(a) The Home Department (b) The External Affairs Department (c) The Information and Broadcasting Department and (d) The British Embassy that controls the activities of Sir Girija Shanker Bajpai.

All those four bosses of Sir Girija Shanker Bajpai are naturally having separate budgets for his activities and those figures should be given to the Indian public, if they are not an official secret.

SAMPLES OF BAJPAI PRODUCTS

Sir Olaf Caroe stated in the Assembly that no materials against the Indian nationalist movement or Mahatma Gandhi were being published by Sir Girija Shanker Bajpai's office, but here are samples from the literature distributed in America by Bajpai to all newspapers radio stations universities libraries British propagandists and "friends" as "background information." I am quoting from a 25-page publication dated February 16 1943:

'What Does Gandhi Want? That a Hindu rule should be established.'

'Gandhi's programme is to blackmail the British and coerce them to establish Hindu rule immediately'.

In this publication the 'Tribune' of Lahore, described as a pro-Congress paper, is quoted as saying: 'India's leaders instead of sinking their differences are doing everything in their power to accentuate their differences'. The purpose of a publication like this containing extracts torn from their context is obvious.

Here are some more headlines:

'Japan alone will gain—Rajagopalachariar's warning to Gandhi.'

'Gandhi prefers Japanese invasion to any settlement with the Muslims'.

'India will be free after war, says Rajagopalachariar'.

'What some people are now doing is an invitation to Japan' says Rajagopalachariar'.

'If Muslims can stay in India, why not the British?'

'Why did non-violent Gandhi not condemn riots?'

'Gandhi condemns fasts by others, why does he fast himself?' A background Information bulletin dated November, 16. 1942 gives two big headlines "Chinese and the Americans to keep their hands off India" and "Neither Americans nor Chinese live in India, let Indians settle their own affairs". (These headlines seem to be translation, from a vernacular paper from Lahore).

CHALLENGE TO SIR SULTAN.

Let some M.L.A. persuade Sir Sultan Ahmed and Sir Olaf Caroe to reply to the above question. Sir Sultan states that 90 per cent of the materials published in my articles in the "Hindusthan Times" under the title "British Propaganda Racket in America" is false. Has Sir Sultan actually read the articles, and does he know that nearly 60 to 70 per cent of the material is nothing but a reproduction from the materials released by the British Information Office and the Indian Agency General and Mr. Raman. Does Sir Sultan mean to say that the original is false or by reproducing, it becomes false? Or is it wrong that Sir G. S. Bajpai's salary and allowances do exceed the salary of President Roosevelt after he has paid the Income Tax? Let Sir Sultan clearly state what he means by the use of the words "false". I challenge him to prosecute me and prove his statement in a court of law.

AMERICA 100% FOR INDIA

I want to tell my countrymen that there is no use getting alarmed over the anti-Indian propaganda in America, since the Americans do not attach any more importance to it. The heart of America is 100 per cent in favour of India's aspirations for freedom. The truth of my statement will be proved soon after the war is over, when America will put her entire weight in favour of India's freedom. In the words of a very prominent American whose name shall remain a secret, "America shall do everything, to see India free".

"SEND NEHRU TO SAN FRANCISCO

At the conclusion of his interview, Chamanlal stressed the need of a country-wide agitation urging the release of Pandit Jawaharlal and other members of the Congress Working Committee. He said our slogan should be 'Send Nehru to San Francisco'. He said the various parties in India must put up a joint demand at the United Nations' Conference in San Fransisco in April and they should send a strong delegation headed by a man like Nehru. Nehru is the most loved man of all the Indian leaders in America, and we must see that he sits at the head of the Indian delegation at San Francisco. The Indian Legislature can elect some representative leaders of different parties, and I am sure that the British Government dare not reject their unanimous selection. The Senate and the Lower Houses of the United States will similarly elect delegates to the San Francisco Conference, and I was told by one of the highest authorities in America that the State Department as hosts would simply welcome delegation elected by the Indian Legislatures. The time for action is now: we had enough of debates, discussions and conferences! If we miss this opportunity, we will miss it for another 50 years!

AMERICANS SEIZE BIRI

GUAM, Feb. 23.

The United States marines have reached the edge of the Japanese fighter plane base in Central Iwo.

American forces have seized Biri Island between Luzon and Samar, says a communique from General MacArthur's Headquarters in Manila.

Biri, in San Bernardino Straits, is only a few miles north-east of Capul Island, invaded yesterday. Only light opposition was encountered.

General MacArthur's communique said the seizure completes American control of Straits whereby supplies are transported from the United States to Manila.

American forces driving towards Marikina water shed, east of Manila, have captured San Mateo and Tavtay.

In Luzon, the 37th division breached a walled city in South Manila and in fierce hand to hand fighting are successful in seizing all the remaining points of resistance.—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

JUELICH CAPTURED

Montgomery's Hq.: The capture of Juelich was completed at noon to-day with the fall of the citadel. Ninth Army troops are now across the Roer on a front of 10 miles after a general advance to-day of one mile. The towns of Honspesch and Birksdorf have been captured.—Reuter.

URDU CONFERENCE

Mayor On Need For Fostering National Language

Resolution Demanding Establishment Of 'Urdu Universitv' Passed

When the second session of the First Urdu Conference, Bombay, met on Saturday evening Dr. Maulvi Abdul Huq presiding, Prof. Najib Ashraf Nadvi read a paper on "Urdu in Bombay" exhaustively tracing the growth of the Urdu language in Bombay city and presidency.

Dr. Kazi Abdul Hamid then moved a resolution which called upon the Government of Bombay to establish an Urdu universitv in Bombay. The resolution further stated that Urdu was one of the four recognised languages of this province so while considering the establishment of the Maharashtra University and the Gujarat University, the claims of millions of Urdu-speaking citizens of the province should not be ignored.

The resolution was supported by Mr. A. A. A. Fyzee and unanimously carried.

The President, Dr. Maulvi Abdul Huq, also spoke in favour of the resolution and hoped that Bombay would be the pioneer of Urdu education.

Prof. Najib A. Nadvi moved a resolution in which the formation of an Urdu Research Institute was urged. Similar institutions in Kanarese, Gujerati and Marathi, it was pointed out, were already in existence and received the support of Government.

Mr. Fyzee moved a resolution which drew the attention of the authorities that in the libraries of Bombay, Urdu was not adequately represented. The resolution recommended to the Anjuman-i-Tariqe-Urdu that circulating Urdu libraries should be started.

Mr. K. A. Abbas read a paper on the advancement of the Urdu language through films and the theatre which were helping to develop and popularize a simple common national language for the whole country. "Call it Urdu, Hindi or Hindustani the films and the stage have played a no mean part in its evolution."

The Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Nagindas T. Master, who was present at the Conference, in a short speech, said that the fissiparous tendencies in the country on the question of language were largely due to the presence of vested interests which wanted to keep India in bondage.

He stressed the need for one common language for India and said that whether it was called Urdu Hindi or Hindustani it was the only language that was widely understood and therefore the most suited to be the lingua-franca.

The third session of Conference started at 10 P.M. The conference will be concluded with a Mushaira on Sunday at 9 p.m.

'URDU IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE'

In the course of his presidential address delivered on Friday night, Dr. Maulvi Abdul Haq observed that Bombay's interest in Urdu was many decades old. Even ninety years ago, Urdu periodicals were published from here. The Parsi theatrical companies of Bombay had rendered a valuable service in popularizing Urdu.

Referring to the proposal to start a University for Maharashtra with Marathi as its medium of instruction, Dr. Abdul Haq felt that it would be doing an injustice to Urdu. In these circumstances, they had mooted the idea of a separate Urdu University. This would be a radical departure from the present educational code which had foisted a foreign language—English—on us. All subjects, in his opinion, could be taught through the medium of Urdu.

Recalling the origins of Urdu, he denied the popular misconception that Urdu was a 'Court language'. Even in the days of the last Moghul emperors the court language was Persian and not Urdu. Urdu is the language of the masses, developed by the mutual contact of the common people. Like Sanskrit Persian or English it was not imposed from above, it had emerged from below. "It is our duty to take it back to the people from whom we had originally got it."

In conclusion, Dr. Abdul Haq said that he was not opposed to the other languages which had the fullest right for their free development and growth. But if there was one language, which deserved to be the national language of India, it was Urdu which was the joint product of the efforts of Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Anglo-Indians.

Cover Picture

Mr. Y. M. Purao's photograph "Snow-white" reproduced on the cover page this week won the "Indian Appeal" and another Prize (total value Rs. 500) in the recent "Art In Industry" exhibition.

"DOOM OF GERMAN MILITARISM SEALED"

Roosevelt And Churchill's Message To Stalin

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24: President Roosevelt in a message to Marshal Stalin says: "In anticipation of our common victory against Nazi oppressors I wish to take this opportunity to extend my heartiest congratulations to you as Supreme Commander of this 27th anniversary of the founding of the Red Army."

LONDON: Prime Minister Churchill, in a message to Marshal Stalin says: "Future generations will acknowledge their debt to the Red Army as unreservedly as we do who have lived to witness its proud achievements". Mr. Churchill adds: "The doom of German militarism" is sealed.—Reuter.

New German Flag!

LONDON, Feb. 24.

The new German Flag chosen by the German Committee in Moscow is the old German Empire flag with its colours black, white and red. General Sydlitz has declared adherence to the flag and Wilhelm Pieck the German Communist leader, has exclaimed: "In these colours we Communists tender our homage to the Reich which was founded beneath them."—United Press.

RESTRICTIONS ON LUCKNOW MUSLIMS

LUCKNOW, Feb. 24.

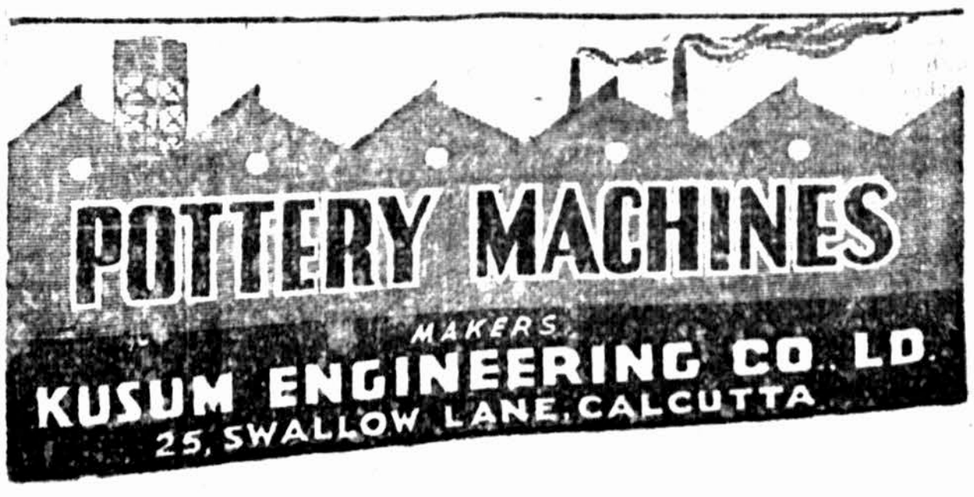
The District Magistrate of Lucknow has promulgated another order under Section 144 Cr. P. C. prohibiting the Muslim public from frequenting certain roads near about Ash Bagh on the occasion of Barawafat. The order will remain in force from midday on Feb. 25 to midnight of Feb. 27.—A. P.

LATEST COMMERCIAL

COTTON (JULY.)

New York, Feb. 24.

Previous Closing	21.69
To-day's Opening	21.68
Difference	—01
To-day's Closing	21.68
Difference	—01



Ellen Fights Hitler's 'Anger In The Sky'

Handling One Of War's Toughest Jobs

By MARY AGNES HAMILTON

Ellen Wilkinson, the tiniest member, by long odds, of Britain's administration—she is not over 5 feet in hegh t—undertakes the huge task of organising protection and help of every kind for those who suffer from Hitler's "anger in the sky."

As Deputy to Mr. Herbert Morrison (Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security) she has, on top of her standing responsibility for Fireguard and Rescue services, been appointed to act as liaison between the Government and Members of Parliament, especially those representing London constituencies, on problems arising from enemy air activity.

Moreover, she is given charge of a "Quick Action" Bureau. This is designed to cope with troubles that affect more than one Department and more than one area, in order that efficient help may be swiftly available wherever and whenever it is needed.

It is a tribute to Ellen that everyone is glad she is on this job. She has always been a good fighter, and she will see this fight through. She has tenacity, and she has dash—two qualities not often found together.

The dash is obvious; she is a "fiery particle", if ever there was one. One glance at the eager face, with its wide-open eyes and jutting chin, under the aureole of red hair; a coup'e of sentences in the clear voice, with its firm, north-country consonants—sentences that show that the quick mind has gone straight to the point and the firm will intends you to stay there—and the impression of force and vitality is irresistibly conveyed.

The nickname "Red Ellen" is not only a tribute to her flaming hair. It recognises the rebel in her. Always she has been on the Left. She was, as a young trade union organiser, an impassioned champion of under-dogs; enthusiastic about Russia long before its heroic patrotism was universally acclaimed, a potent advocate of Republican Spain; a fierce assailant of every form of Fascism.

At one time, indeed, she was very much the Stormy Petrol of the Labour movement, both on its industrial and po'itical sides. Indeed the so'e reserve anybody had about her future was that she seemed to be good at too many things—po'itics, trade unionism, journa'ism, writing—and active in too many places; no "good" cause fai'ed to en'ist, her, as a speaker. It looked as though she might not know how to "stay put" and achieve the bigger kind of success and service.

This danger—if it ever was a danger—is passed. Since war broke out, Ellen has shown the highest kind of concentration. With grim decision, real courage, and an utter indifference to any lime-lighting for herse'f, she has, since 1940, when she became a junior member of the Churchill Government stuck to one of the toughest jobs and won everyone's admiration by the way in which she has hand'ed it.

Certainly, since she went into the Ministry of Home Security as Par'iamentary Secretary there has been no dispersal energies. All her force of will, all her eager generosity of heart, all her high mental capacity have been harnessed to the service of the nation at war.

In this, she has been careless of her own hea'th. A'though pulled up more than once by illness and accident, she has always been back at her desk after the shortest possib'e break. She has been care'ess of personal popu'arity, as she showed when she put through the registration, first of men and then of women for fireguard duties. She has been comp'etely and se'flessly given to the job in hand, and done it well.

Hers has been the hard road up; the road of constant work. Born in Manchester, she started with litt'e but northern grit and a very (quick brain to help her. A very bright spark

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.

at school, she won a scholarshop—i.e. a grant of money, over a period of years, sufficient to pay fees and living expenses—which took her to the University.

These scholarships—sometimes provided by the State, sometimes by local bodies, sometimes by benefactions from the more fortunate who thus help the younger generation—provide in Britain, a ladder by which large numbers of children from poorer homes do in fact get to college: and, when there, are free to devote all their time to study. Ellen certainly did.

Her degree subjects were history and economics. She further sharpened her economic wits by attending some classes conducted by the then Warden of a Settlement in Liverpool, named Frederick Marquis—at that time a Socialist, like herself.

Now, after a lapse of years, she is a junior colleague of this same Frederick Marquis—now Lord Woolton. When she left college, she did not become a teacher; she became a trade union organiser in a big and growing union catering largely for workers in shops and offices and warehouses—the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers.

When, a number of years later, she published her first novel, she called it "Clash"; in it, she looked back over some of her experiences as an organiser; into it, she got much of the ardent force and vivid sympathy of her own personality. She was a brilliant organiser; her union very soon put her on its list of parliamentary candidates.

She also found time to serve for three years on the Manchester City Council—an excellent training ground for politics, towards which she was bent from the start.

Although she did not get elected at her first essay as a Labour candidate, in 1924, she was returned as M.P. for Middlesbrough. This election came at the end of the first brief tenure of power by Labour, as a minority government, and the Party lost a great many seats; Ellen was the only woman in its ranks at Westminster.

In her first speech there she described herself as "the Orphan of the Storm"—a name derived from a film then popular. She has a quick sense of the actual; this, and a very neat turn of phrase, made her a good journa'ist and a good House of Commons speaker. She soon showed that she cou'd hit hard in debate, and cou'd be stubborn, on any point of princip'e, but a'so, that she was good at getting on with people. The portraits of her colleagues she later drew in "Peeps at Par'iament" (1930) are both amusing and good-natured.

She 'took to" the House of Commons; mastered its ru'es of procedure; made friends. Then, in 1931, she lost her seat, as did so many of her collea gues. This, however, was not for her so serious as for some, since she has the trade union work she had not given up to fall back upon. Moreover, it gave her the chance to travel.

She went to Germany—and never after had any illusions about the Nazi regime. She worked in and for Spain. She wrote and spoke energetica'ly, up and down the country against appeasement. Her record on this, is clear; no ambiguity, ever, about where she stood. At the General E'ection in 1935, she got back to the House as M.P. for Jarrow.

Jarrow was then a distressed area. She led the march of its unemployed to London. She wrote its story in 'The Town That Was Murdered"—a fine piece, not merely of reportage but of sociological ana'ysis. She was, as a Member of Parliament, not concerned only in the difficu'ties of workers in her own area; she did a notab'e piece of work in piloting through the House a private member's Bill on the Hire Purchase system.

When Labour entered the National Government in May 1940, she was made Under-Secretary to the Minister of Pensions; when, some months later, Mr. Morrison (at first Minister of Supp'y) went to the Home Office he asked for Eden; she joined him on the vast task of Civil Defence.

She has proved an excellent administrator: she had, long before, demonstrated that she is a first-rate chairman of a committee, whether large or small. Had not all her conferences due to meet at Whitsun this year been called off, owing to the imminence of D-Day, she would have acted as Chairman of the Annual Conference of Britain's Labour Party, whose national chairman she now is.

Even this brief sketch of a career of steady public service may serve to suggest the keen vita'ity that, wherever she is, makes Ellen felt. She has a dynamo, and it is harnessed to high idea's; her fight has a'ways been on others, not merely for herself.

Left out of the picture is the human side of a very human person. She has a quick sense of fun, a nimble wit, a real enjoyment of many sides of life other than po'itical. There, however, is and remains her centre, because she is fighting all the time, to bring the good things she herself cares for within the reach of all her fellow travellers.

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A VETERAN MUSICIAN WRITES HER MEMOIRS

The land of Elgar and Sullivan, Williams and Holst, though slow in producing first rate composers, is not slow in spotting out talent found at home or abroad. This can be amply proved in the case of Bai Bhikhaiji L. Palamkote who is the first Indian to be a Life Academic member of the Trinity College of Music, London. That age cannot come in the pursuit of art is to true in the case of Bai Bhikhaiji. At the age of 79 she plays her piano with dexterity that is yet undiminished by the advent of age. It is but proper that a brochure containing her life activity and achievements is published on her diamond jubilee to let her friends admirers and public know that a life devoted to music need not only be artistic but also useful in many other spheres such as literature and charity.

We rarely hear about any successful jurist leaving anything for junior members of the bar. But Miss Palamkote in her lifetime has provided medals and cash prizes for pianoforte playing which should be emulated by other successful teachers with profit. She has for that purpose presented Rs. 25,000 to the Trinity College. The awards are open to Parsi Zoroastrian candidates. In addition to this she has given Rs. 1,000 for literary and sundry expenses.

Miss Palamkote has also organised a number of concerts in aid of various charities, Parsi and non-Parsi, who have benefited to the extent of Rs. 55,000 approximately.

She is also the author of 17 books on music and literature (Gujerati). Her musical works of note are "Etude, a Study for Pianoforte", arranged as a duet for pianoforte from "Iphigenie en Aulide," an Opera by Gluck for Trinity College of Music, London, Local syllabus in 1941; and "God Save the King" arranged as a trio for Pianoforte.

Let her exemplary career be a model for the younger generation. A life well-spent in art and charity has nothing more to aspire. She has known and studied the art of useful living and has passed on her experience to the youth of this country for emulation and guidance.

THE CHINESE EXODUS

BY PROF. J. C. DARUWALA
Published by Hind Kitabs, 267 Hornby Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 4-8-0.

In this informative and stimulating book the author, who was in China for nine months during 1944 gives a living picture of war-torn China. During his stay, the author travelled intensively and on his own in Free China, and the present book is the result of sympathetic study of a great nation. The confusion which puzzles outsiders about present-day China due to the paucity of news is dispelled by this timely publication. The author has tried to understand the difficulties facing the Chinese with genuine sympathy and he appreciates, in full measure their heroism and sacrifices. Modern China is admired and respected by the world for its epic resistance in the face of tremendous difficulties; and the economic, social and cultural advancement during the past seven years of turmoil and suffering, as depicted in this book, is a worthy tribute to our great neighbour.

The attractive cover which adorns the book is itself eloquent about the conditions in China. Some beautiful illustrations on art paper, with two large maps make the book complete. The publishers deserve our congratulations for this excellent book on China

ADMIRALTY: NO ADMITTANCE

This was evidently too cold and formal for a local wag for a few hours later two words had been added in chalk:—

WRENS NESTING.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA

INDIA AND CHINA by Sir Muhammad Zafarulla Khan, published by Kitabistan, Allahabad.

This pamphlet forms one of the series published by the Indian Institute of International Affairs, New Delhi. The title is hardly any indication of the matter of the pamphlet, which is largely propagandic.

Sir Muhammad Zafarulla Khan spent a few months in Chungking as Agent-General for the Government of India, but seems to have had little contact with Chinese life and character, as is indicated by his giving vent to his opinion on a variety of subjects, except the real subject in hand. He has given his personal opinion on the war situation, with a variety of forecasts.

Though he has visited China he falls into the facile error of taking his opinion second-hand from certain foreign correspondents in Chungking who generally have some are to grind. He underestimates the deeper cultural influence of India on China through Buddhism, and glances only at the surface of the external religious aspect. He expresses his pro-Muslim League wishful thinking, for example, "In recent years there has been noticeable a progressive awakening of political and social consciousness among the Muslims in all the provinces which may raise a Muslim Question in China in the post-war years" which is really a libel on the patriotic nationalism of Chinese Muslims. However, he is forced to acknowledge that the attitude of General Pai Chung-hsi reflects the Muslim opinion in China, as this Muslim General is looked upon as the political leader of Muslims in Free China. He goes on to say "He is a zealous Muslim and is keenly interested in the advancement of his co-religionists, but his outlook has been considerably affected by recent happenings in Turkey. He thinks that religion ought to be a matter of private and domestic concern for each individual and should not be permitted to intrude into the economic and political spheres."

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Another example of his obviously wrong statements, which has been proved incorrect by the recent course of the war in China is as follows: "The main reason why Japan had not by December 1941 occupied the whole of China was that it did not suit Japan to do so. It had already seized whatever was of value for its own purposes.'

His tribute to the Generalissimo, which is a reflection of what he must have heard universally on the subject in China, is probably the only accurate representation of Chinese opinion: "Whatever the difficulties, domestic and foreign, with which the Generalissimo had to contend and whatever his fears and apprehensions, he continued to face both his own party and the outside world with unwavering courage, and his belief in the ultimate success of the cause that he had espoused appeared never to falter. That China has through untold misery and suffering persisted in the course of resistance to Japanese aggression during seven years and a half is due entirely to the courage and determination of one man, Chiang Kai-shek."

J. D.

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

Tomorrow is a thrice-blessed day—for tomorrow will come two festivals together—Holi and Id-e-Malad. Holi, they say, is a Hindus' festival, and Id-e-Malad Muslims.' But I propose to explain to you, many of you may be knowing though, the significance of both these festivals, and you will realise yourselves that they should really be considered national and not communal of importance to all Indian people, inclusive of the Parsis, Christians, Harijans and others, besides Hindus and Muslims, as a nation.

Now, Holi really is the Spring Festival. All that Winter has destroyed comes into new life during this season. The trees, the flowers, the birds,—the whole Nature, as a matter of that, seems to be getting fresh vigour and energy. And with it also the people. Then there is a part of the country, where Holi is considered to be the New Year. For peasants, again, it is the time when they have reaped crops of the season, and collected them in abundance. Thus all are full of joy and happiness: They are in a jolly mood, and so want to celebrate the occasion inasmuch mirth and merriment as possible.

The festival perhaps was directed into a wrong channel—for a certain section of people take all kinds of liberties at the time of Holi—and practice even abusive language, besides doing so many other harmful things. In a way, one may require things like these also as a change and to keep balance in one's otherwise serious and sober life. However, I do not wish to discuss this point here. Primarily, it is the festival of Colour. And although people now take objection in colour being thrown on them, and I think that is so because they are not prepared for it, yet why really should we not throw colours at each other once in a way? It would help us, I believe, to grow our sense of humour to a great extent.

Then, the burning of dog-wood and the destroying of unnecessary materials also has a sense. The fire helps to destroy all kinds of such insects in the atmosphere as are harmful to us at this time of the season. And why after all should we go on hoarding old and rickety things in our homes? So this is the best occasion to take them out and throw them away. One may even throw away all the vice one has in himself—and feel per with the Nature at the time of this Festival of Joy. In my young days, I remember, we used to play all kinds of jokes and have great fun, specially with one friends. I cannot relate those experiences in this short space: I wonder if they are continued to-day; and if they are, I wonder if they are tolerated?

The Holi festival has its peralle! in other countries too: Probably all know about the Spring Festival and the Spring Cleaning in the Western countries. And possibly many here play jokes and make fun on the April Fool Day. But, you see, if Spring comes in its "true colours" in about April in the Western countries, it sets into one country earlier: So should we really not celebrate the festival here at its proper time? Well, the Holi is that day for us (And is it not a pity that it has to be explained in this manner?)—So may you all have rose-colour on your cheeks—the true sign of Health—and may for all jump in joy, dance in delight, sing songs of merriment and feel happy in every way and by all means!

*

Id-e-Malad is the birthday of the Holy Prophet Mohammed (May Peace be on Him!) One day, about thirteen hundred and odd years ago, an old bearded Arab was walking along the Streets of Macca, carrying his new grandson in his arms. He looked proudly at the small dark eyed bundle, showing it to his friends and saying. "I am taking the child to Kaaba to name him and to give thanks for his birth." The name which was given to the baby was Mohammed, which means "the one who is praised."

When Mohammed was quite a tiny child, his father died—and later, he lost also his mother, and the little boy was an orphan. He was poor, but richer than many another orphan, for his father had left him a flock of goats, five camels, and a trusted nurse, and to Mohammed this seemed to be great wealth. He used to live with his uncle, and had a happy time, learning all sorts of things about camels and goats and sheeps, and about trade for which he had to make long journeys.

Ultimately, Mohammed grew rich and he had a peaceful life and was much loved by his neighbours. As the years passed, he had more time for thinking, and his mind turned towards the Kaaba, the first place to which he had been taken when he was just a baby. There his own people had started worshipping many gods and idols and stars, and there were very few persons who prayed to one God, who they said was the true and only God. This latter seemed good to Mohammed, but how was he going to bring the misguided people to the right path—that idea troubled him.

Then, Mohammed had the vision of an Angel, who directed him to "arise, preach and praise God." After that he began to preach to his own people. His relations were greatly distressed when they saw what was happening. They would not believe what Mohammed told them; they were angry, and tried to hurt any of their friends who wanted to follow him. Little by little, many of those who believed him had to flee from their own country, and those who remained were treated so harshly that at last they were afraid to appear in public. But Mohammed still continued to preach.

Time passed, and Mohammed began to have a great following. As their strength increased, they fought against the people who oppressed them. In one great battle they seized the city of Mecca and destroyed the idols in the Kaaba. After that, Mecca became the city which Mohammed's friends and followers held most sacred and those who did not live there prayed with their faces turned towards it.

The date of Mohammed's death as well as the day, peculiar though it may seem, are the same as those of his birthday, and the day is therefore also called "Bara Wafat." At the time of his death, Mohammed (May Peace be on Him!) destributed his savings of gold among the poor. And his wife, in whose arms he breathed his last, whispered the prayer which she had often heard him murmure: "Take away evil and misfortune, O Thou Lord of mankind."

*

Now, you tell me, why is it necessary that the Birthday and Anniversary of such a great soul should be celebrated by Muslims only? Why can't the Hindus, Parsis, Christians, Harijans and others also have a right to celebrate the Id-e-Malad? Then, too why should the Hindus only have the privilege, to celebrate the Holi? Why can't all people join hands and have a happy time together at the Spring Festival?

Khar Balkan-ji-Bari, in co-ordination with the Tankar Mandal and Jyoti Mitra Mandal, will celebrate the day tomorrow at the Laxmi Nagar Pavilion, 10th Road, Khar, as follows: 9 A.M.—Sports in which all young and old can take part; and 9-30 P.M.—Camp Fire, where speaches will be delivered on the birthday of Prophet Mohammed (May Peace be on Him!) and the Spring Festival, and after that there will be a programme of songs, stories, minieries, dances, imitations, etc. All are cordially invited to attend with the members of their families and friends.

Tardeo North Balkan-ji-Bari will hold their Annual Concert and Gathering tomorrow at 5 p.m. at the Sunderabai Hall, Queen's Road, under the presidentship of Mr. S. K. Patil. The programme includes interesting physical feats, music, garbas and dances by the children.

All Good Wishes from
your loving,
Dada

"Gulistan"
Khar - Bombay 52

ART NOTES & COMMENTS

BY D. G. VYAS

Cultural reconstruction in India—Re-Europeanisation of archaeological services—Proposals which side-track real work—Suggestions to the Advisory Board—Bombay Art Society's Exhibition—Genuine Garbas on the Radio—Wanted planning—Radio—music.

With the Constitution of an Advisory Board of Archaeology announced in a recent press note opens a cultural wing of the post-war reconstruction front at New Delhi. The new structure will, probably, be designed to commemorate the five year old report of Sir Leonard Woolley. The cultural reconstruction of India needs, from the point of view of the Government, Architects trained and preferably born in Europe. The first arrival was Dr. Mortimer Wheeler—the European successor of an Indian Director-General—who, according to his own statement, has been brought to India to interpret the methods of archaeological research as pursued to-day in Europe. He was lately joined by his old friend and colleague Dr. Dermdut Casey from Australia.

Re-Europeanisation

And now is flashed the news by the "United Press" that other Europeans are likely to be imported and that new posts of Directors of Antiquities, Photography etc. are being created. Re-Europeanisation of the Archaeological department is obviously proceeding at a rapid pace. The reactionary move by the Government is not dictated by any exigency except by the discovery made five years ago by Sir Leonard that the staff was inadequately trained.

Sir Leonard's fury at the staff which was predominantly Indian during the short term of his office is expressed in his statement" even those sites on which work has been begun can safely be left at east until the time when members of the staff have been sufficiently trained to be entrusted with independent charge of excavations—a state of things which is at present far from being realised." The suspension of excavations was thus suggested by him, because the officials to whose credit stands a brilliant record of achievements in some valuable researches and excavations were discovered by him to have been inadequately trained.

Suspension Of Excavation

New Delhi has found a congenial collaborator in Calcutta. The Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal has submitted to the Government proposals for cultural reconstruction in India in which also figures the Wooleyian document. The procedure adopted by the Society in dealing with a question which vitally affects the country as a whole is highly objectionable. The Society has omitted the important step of convening first of all, a conference of the bodies similar to itself in order to formulate a widely agreed scheme. India has never granted to Bengal the authority of speaking on her behalf in the matters—cultural and artistic.

The Council of the Asiatic Society of Bengal is not perturbed about re-Europeanisation of the Services. At the same time it does not protest against Sir Leonard's suggestion for he suspension of excavations, but on the contrary it acquiesces in the same when it observes "the restriction of Archaeological excavation to an indefinite period would be unfortunate" and as soon as trained excavators are available, universities and public institutions should be encouraged to undertake scientific excavation at suitable sites." The advocacy or approval of the suspension of excavations on flimsy grounds like the inadequacy of the training of the staff should be resented as it is hostile to the cultural and educational interests of India.

Close Association

The chorus of closer association of the universities and learned societies led by Sir Leonard is joined by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the Hon. Sir Jogendra Singh, Member in charge of Education, Health and Lands, Government of India, and by Dr. Wheeler. The closer association will, in course of time, be extended to the general public. The proposal will require the authorities to condescend to acknowledge the achievements and abilities of independent workers. Instances will, however, be found in which independent workers of abilities have been treated by the officialdom as mere informants and collectors of material.

The declaration regarding closer association should be regarded as consolatory as the Government, in spite of it, has turned to the west for the acquisition of the man-power needed for the reorganisation of the archaeological department. The excuse for the reactionary step will of course, be the alleged inadequacy of training. The apathy of the universities towards archaeology as a subject for academic education is the consequences of the Governments failure to take the intiative in the matter of training. The Indians—officials as well as non-officials—are suddenly found to be inexperienced or insufficiently trained; but are the Europeans who have been or are to be imported to occupy the high posts conversant with Indian history and some of the specialised branches of archaeology like epigraphy?

Future Of Museums

One of the leading notes of the Wooleyian document is the establishment of a national museum. Like recorded music it is played by the Asiatic Society of Bengal and the Director General of the Archaeological Survey. A central museum is an urgent necessity, but it should not grow at the cost of the existing local and provincial museums. But Sir Leonard suggests a backward move in the dispersal of the local museums at Mohenjodaro, Harappa, Nalandu and Nagarjunikonda when he points out "the real condemnation of these local museums is that they serve no educational purpose—the public debarred by distance simply does not come to them."

The decision taken by the Government to deposit, in the provincial museum at Lahore, the main body of the collections at Mohenjodaro and Harappa signalises the beginning of the dispersal of the two local museums. The exhibition of Antiquities on the sites of excavations offers an opportunity to the visitors to view the same in their original settings and spares them the trouble and expense of traveling to two different places. The abolition of the local museums is a retrograde step and will not fail to evoke public resentment.

The Council of the Asiatic Society of Bengal endorses and goes beyond Sir Leonard's views when it finds the Curzon Museum at Muttra serving no useful purpose. The insufficiency of accommodation and the absence of any really important educational institution are not valid arguments in favour of the dispersal of the museum. They cannot outweigh the popularity of Muttra as a place of Antiquity and sanctity attracting large crowds of visitors all the year round and offering adequate accommodation to them. The Director-General and the Council of the Asiatic Society of Bengal are enthusiastic about the national museum; but neither of the two has so far, sounded a note of protest against the high-handed action of the military authorities ordering the main building of the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay, to be placed on the list of the cultural casualties of the war.

Side-Tracking Real Work

The School of Field Archaeology opened at Taxila for scientific training marks the initial step of the "radical reforms" in the department. The establishment of a national museum will be another pre-occupation to the officialdom. And the proposal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for the organisation of the "Travellers' Department" will be the third to side-track the actual archæological work. Why should a learned Society submit to the Government a project which involves heavy expenditure and which is not likely to make any definite contribution to the cultural regeneration of India? The Government ought to spend the maximum for real work. The Archæological Department should not starve in order to feed luxury-projects.

The system of travelling museums suggested by the Asiatic Society of Bengal will prove to be immensely educational if it will follow the country-wide net-work of railway lines. But the proposal is to exhibit small representative collections in big cities or at universities where the same would be easily accessible to research workers. Is there any logic in withholding the knowledge of the glorious past of the country from the vast bulk of the rural population. There are schemes—official as well as non-official—for rural development; and cultural education through the medium of peripatetic exhibitions must be made an integral part of the same.

Not Private Ownership

The Society holds the opinion that the formation of private collections should be encouraged and should not be made onerous by irksome regulations. Let the Society note that private ownership of unique manuscripts, coins and examples of art is absurd in principle and is repugnant to the conception of national heritage. The national museum worth its name, should be a repository of the best and unique and not of the reproductions of the specimens from private collections.

The existing law, though it may be efficient in its provisions, has failed to prevent the flight of the objects of national importance to foreign countries. The trade in antiquities and practice of private collections should be stopped by degrees if not at once. To start with, every collection should be registered. There should be a central authority though which every sale or transfer should be negotiated. Back-door trade and black-market should be eliminated. The Government should have the prior right to buy private collections—whole or in part—for being deposited in the national museum. The Advisory Board of Archæology ought to ascertain the views of other institutions before making final suggestion to the Government.

A Fine Exhibition

The Annual exhibition of the Bombay Art Society which is held at the Sir C. J. Hall shows definite improvement in the quality of exhibits and has several bright spots especially in the pictorial sections. The water-colours-Indian and Western schools—are as lively as one would have expected them to be. The oil section also indicates progressive tendencies as regards the variety of subjects and the development of the technique of painting especially by the younger generation of Indian Artists. It is this section in which the Society's gold medal was awarded to Mr. V. A. Mali.

The Bombay Art Society is the only institution of its type in Western India which organises every year a comprehensive exhibition as an all-India basis. It is creditable on its part to continue to organise the exhibition regularly during the war in spite of the difficulty of space and increased cost of material. It is equally creditable on the part of the artists to defy the unfavourable circumstances and to contribute their maximum to the exhibition. This year's show is well worth a visit as it has its brighter side which cannot be missed by the visitors of impartial judgment. The attendance and sale of exhibits are said to be encouraging.

"THRASHING" (by Mr. K. K. Hebbar,—an exhibit from the Bombay Art Society's Exhibition

Real Garbas

The special programme of garbas broadcast by the Bombay Station of the All-India Radio on February 15 should be pronounced as successful. It was arranged with the co-operation of the Garba Mandal of the Bhagini Samaj of Bombay. The full ensemble of the garba was actually presented in the studio. Circular movements, steps and claps followed the taala, and the melody of the song synchronised with the rhythm of the dance. The mike transmitted everything audible of the dance-form. The vitality of the movements was further revealed by a group of untouchable women in their exclusive item. The Bombay Station has now realised that the garba is a dance-form and not merely a chorus by a sedentary group of singers.

The songs were selected in the chronological order ranging from Narasinh Mehta to Nanalal. The Bombay Station and Mr. Chandravadan Mehta should be congratulated on presenting the unique dance-form of Gujarat in its traditional technique and on introducing a few new voices. Gujarat abounds in musical and artistic talent and also resources, but it has not received adequate justice from the Station. The authorities ought to explore the cultural and artistic archives of the province and place the latter more frequently before the mike in its representative character. Music-minded Gujaratis are keen to see some of the music-luminaries of their province appearing in the lists of the Station. The authorities ought to satisfy their keenness and ought to present programmes of music which are provincially balanced.

Now Music-Planning

The fact that the All-India Radio has been alive to the linguistic controversy is confirmed by the press communique issued on February 14. The solution presented therein was facilitated by a conference which was attended by the Hon. Sir Sultan Ahmed and the representatives of a few leading Urdu and Hindu bodies. Indian music is one of the main concerns of the radio, but the Authorities seem to be the least alive to the controversy regarding their music policy. North Indian music symbolised the linguistic and cultural unity of Northern India and is therefore, not affected by the linguistic controversy or its solution.

But re-planning of music-programmes with a higher and definite percentage of classical music, with emphasis on the times and seasons prescribed for rendering the various ragas and with the relaxation of the time-limit of singing is an urgent necessity of the day. The authorities should lose no time in concentrating their attention on raising the standards of music, improving the quality of programmes and on holding balance between different gayakis like the Dhruvapad, Dhamar, Khyal etc. *Light varieties*, if they could not be dispensed with immediately should be assigned a separate corner. Recorded music should be a class by itself and should absorb Film-songs of classical values.

The LAST PAGE

Conducted by

CHRONICLER

We in India are not brought up to have much enthusiasm for the army—any army!

The reason might be sought in the ancient caste system which exempted all but one particular class from military duty and gave the fighters, the Kshatriyas, a status inferior to that of intellectuals, the Brahmins.

Or it might be the pacifist tradition running like a thread in the rosary of Indian thought all the way from Buddha to Gandhi.

Or again it might just be that in the popular mind an army is associated with Conquest and Conquerors.

*

There Are Armies.....

I recall how as a child of five or six I was taken along with a hundred other schoolboys and made to stand on the road-side for six hours in the broiling sun of a summer day, waiting for a British cavalry column to pass through on the way to Delhi. Those were the days of Martial Law in the Punjab of General Dyer and the Jallianwalla Bagh. And such demonstrations of the armed might of the British Empire were supposed to have a sobering and salutary effect on the young minds of schoolboys.

I distinctly remember how we trembled with fear and excitement when the red-faced mounted soldiers rode by, followed by gun-carriages. There were no tanks in those days not even armoured cars but to boys between five and ten who had never seen even an air-gun in their life, the sight of a machine-gun or a howitzer was frightening enough.

But I doubt if the original intention of the authorities who ordered little boys to be made to stand on the road-side to watch the army ride by was fulfilled. The demonstration did leave an indelible impression on little minds—but not a very happy one, from the point of view of our rulers! Even as the army on horseback was clattering by, I remember hearing the elder boys making seditious remarks about it—under their breath of course!

The rude and arrogant behaviour of some Tommies and Army officers who have a habit of pushing out respectable passengers (including M.L.A.s and Ministers) from First and Second Class railway compartments (as revealed in the Assembly) at the point of a revolver, is not likely to foster love for the Army in the hearts of the Indian public.

No, somehow, we don't enthuse over armies—with a few exceptions!

*

.....*And Armies!*

We were quite enthusiastic about the Turkish army that under Enver Pasha and Kamal, fought against European imperialists gleefully preying upon the prostrate body of the "Sick Man of Europe."

We watched with admiration and mounting anxiety the plucky fight put up by the barefooted warriors of Haile Selassie against Mussolini's Black-shirted hordes of mechanized marauders.

Our hearts went out in comradely greetings to the Spaniards when they fought a heroic though losing battle against Hitler's and Mussolini's hirelings fighting under Franco. On our behalf Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru personally carried a message of fraternal goodwill to that strangest army in the world's history—the International Brigade—composed of idealists and visionaries, poets and writers from every corner of the earth who had all come to defend the liberty of Spain.

The Chinese army of resistance, of course, has had our special sympathy and esteem during the seven-year-old war against the Japanese invaders. It was as a token of this esteem that the Indian National Congress sent a Medical Mission to China, under the leadership of Doctor Atal to work with Chinese armies. One of them, Doctor Dwarkanath Kotnis never came back and gave his life for the freedom of China.

*

Salute To The Red Army!

But, above all others, we have admired the Red Army of the Soviet Union for we have known that this is a real people's army, recruited from the workers and peasants; that its soldiers are educated, cultured and politically-conscious citizens. This we knew, is not an army for imperial conquest but for the defence of the workers' fatherland, and to preserve for them the fruits of revolution.

We admired the fortitude, and grim determination with which the Red Army defended the Soviet land inch by inch writing with their blood the immortal sagas of the defence of Leningrad, Stalingrad, Sebastopol. And we admire no less the relentless, almost superhuman, manner they have been pursuing the Nazis right to the gates of Berlin. With Berlin will fall into dust the entire edifice of Hitlerian ambitions and Nazi aggression. And the major credit for this triumph goes to the Red Army.

India greets and salutes the Red Army on its 27th anniversary. It would be futile and unworthy of our national self-respect to expect it to fight our battle of freedom for us. But its record stands and shines like a red star to guide those who must tread the path of revolution. Its splendid achievements will for ever remind us that OUT OF THE PEOPLE must rise the forces of their liberation.

*

G. O. M. Of Urdu

This week is Urdu week in Bombay. Presiding over the Bombay Presidency Urdu Conference, now being held at Saboo Siddiq Institute, is Doctor (Maulvi) Abdul Haq who is proceeding from here to Wardha to attend a Hindustani Conference called by Mahatma Gandhi.

Doctor Abdul Haq, a white-bearded "young" man of over seventy, a bachelor and ascetic, is the doyen and doughty champion of Urdu language and literature. Far from being orthodox in religious matters (the title of Maulvi is more a recognition of his scholarship than of any ecclesiastical office) he is almost a fanatic where Urdu is concerned. He has made the propagation and defence of Urdu his life-mission and devotes to it all his energy and intellect. As the Secretary of the Anjuman Taraqqi-e-Urdu, he has made an undeniable contribution to the development and progress of the language, editing and publishing numerous volumes of permanent literary, historical, sociological or scientific interest.

Doctor Abdul Haq is a brilliant conversationalist and his home in Delhi, Number One, Daryaganj, (the original residence of the late Dr. Ansari) is the rendezvous of veteran intellectuals—ranging all the way from Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru to Doctor Zakir Husain and other professors of the Jamia Millia. Possessing as he does a sharp rapier-like satirical wit, it is not safe to get the wrong side of him in any controversy, but all the same he is very kind and generous to struggling young authors—including the much-maligned progressives.

At a reception given by the local progressive writers, Dr. Abdul Haq said that, even when he did not fully approve of their writings, he admired them for they had "life" and "daring", adding that "LIFE is the greatest virtue. Without it a literature is meaningless and dead."

*

Hasrat

Among other prominent personalities present in Bombay in connection with this Conference the most striking is Maulana Hasrat Mohani. At present, I believe, he is in the Muslim League but he has nothing in common with the silk-suited leadership of the League. Ever since his College days at Aligarh in the nineteen of the last century, Hasrat has been a fiery radical in politics. He was the first to raise the cry of "Complete Independence" at a time when Congress was wedded to Dominion Status. For Khilafat and Swaraj he has courted imprisonment many times and, spurning the temptations of wealth, he has voluntarily lived the life of extreme hardship, devoting all his time to politics, literature or journalism. Within his unprepossessing exterior is the gentle soul of a poet and he has written some of the most beautiful lyrics as well as stirring patriotic poetry.

Once Hasrat declared that he was "either a Muslim or a Communist." And through the years he has been seeking an integration of the teachings of Marx with those of the Prophet Mohamed. It is not generally known that in 1925 when the first "Indian Communists Conference" was held in Cawnpore, Hasrat Mohani was the Chairman of the Reception Committee. In the course of his address on that occasion the Maulana had said:—

> "The movement Communism is the movement of peasants and workers . . . Our aims and objects are as follows: To establish Swaraj or complete independence by all fair means. After the establishment of Swaraj to see that it takes the form of the Soviet Republic in which all principles of Communism will come into force . . . .
>
> "We recognise the existence of all religions and consider even no-religion as a religion. Some of our Muslim leaders baselessly represent Communism as against Islam. The fact is, however, quite different. The opposition of Islam to Capitalism, for instance, is stronger than even the communistic conception of it . . . . ."

It is generally known that the radical Hasrat Mohani does not feel comfortable in the League atmosphere, it is equally true that the League leaders do not feel comfortable in his presence. That is why, in spite of his undoubted ability and past services, he is never kept in the League Working Committee. Misunderstandings and unfortunate prejudices led the Maulana from the camp of the Congress to the camp of first the Muslim Conference and then the League. Who knows one day he may return to his original political home! It is amusing to speculate, meanwhile, about the reactions if one day the Maulana decided to repeat his Cawnpore speech of twenty years ago to a gathering of Leaguers including Mr. Jinnah, the Ispahani brothers, Nawabzada Liaqat-ali Khan and Mr. Chundrigar.

It would also be acutely embarrassing if at a meeting of the League Maulana Hasrat Mohani were to recite his famous patriotic poem, NAJAT-E-HIND (Salvation of India), particularly these two lines:

Haq se ba uzr-e-maslahat
waqt pe jo kare gurez
Us ko na peshwa samajh us
pe na etimad kar!

(He who betrays Truth on the plea of expediency—Don't regard such a man as your leader, don't trust such a man!)

*

Poets And Revolution

Quite a few Urdu poets of note will be present at the Mushaira arranged in connection with the Conference.

Among these, apart from Hasrat are Josh, Jigar, Saghar Nizami and Majaz.

"Josh" has been called "Sha'-ir-e-Inquilab (Poet of the Revolution) and he well deserves the title for in the cadence of his poetry one hears the drum-beats of revolt. One is sometimes liable to forget, however that in his poetry there is matter as well as music, deep thought as well as stirring emotion. Josh has an almost uncanny way of putting a whole 'ocean of meaning' in a single pithy verse. Here is one example:

Suno aye bastagan-e-zulf-e-
geti, nida kya aa rahi
hai aasman se
Ke aazadi ka ek lamha
hai behtar ghulami ki
hayat-e-jawidan se.

(Listen, O chained prisoners of the earth, to the voice that comes from the sky that 'A moment of freedom is infinitely better than the immortal life under slavery!)

"Jigar" is generally known as a pure lyricist and a believer in Art for Art's sake.' Once, if I am not mistaken, he had a wordy duel with Josh over this question of Art being used for political propaganda. But even he has not been able altogether to escape the contagion of the times and patriotic sentiment has often burst forth from his lyrics perhaps inspite of himself. Two verses from a Persian poem of his are eloquent.

Jism za faqa zaar zaar,
rooh za dard beqarar
Madar-e-Hind ashkbaar, muf-
lisi-e-watan nigar
Wajahe za muflisee mapurs,
seem o zar-e-watan majo
Rukh ba numa ba Landan
o seem o zar-e-watan nigar

(The body, from starvation, is in an agony, the soul is restless with pain; Mother India is shedding tears behold the poverty of the motherland! Don't ask me the reason for this poverty do not seek the (vanished) gold and silver of India. Turn your face towards London and behold the (vanished) gold and silver of your land!

"Saghar" Nizami has written both lyrical and patriotic poetry. Two of his most stirring poems are Ehad (Pledge) in which the patriot pledges his life for the freedom of the country and "Tarana-e-Watan" (National Anthem).

"Majaz" anticipated the "Quit India" slogan when, ten years ago, he wrote "Badeshi Mehman Se" in the course of which he advised the unwanted "foreign guest":—

Munasib hai ke apna rasta le
Woh kashti dekh saahil se
lagi hai
Yahan se ek toofan chal raha
hai
Yahan se ek aandhi utth
rahi hai

It is better if you depart; look, the boat awaits you on the shore..... (For) In this land is rising a storm; from this land is starting a whirlwind.

*

Q. E. D.

Both Mahatma Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah have sent messages to the Bombay Urdu Conference.

Mahatma Gandhi's message is written in his own hand IN URDU.

Mr. Jinnah's message is written and signed IN ENGLISH.

*

Shortage Of Husbands

About one in every five girls now growing to womanhood in Great Britain faces inevitable spinsterhood, reveals a GLOBE despatch.

The whole civilised world is facing a similar problem, writes a woman correspondent in the "Sunday Express."

There is a world shortage of husbands.

Even in America, once famous as the land of plentiful husbands one in every seven girls will, on present statistics, have to stay single.

From earliest census records men have always outnumbered women in the United States. But the position is reversing. In 1930 there were 102.5 men to every 100 women in America. By 1940 the ratio had dropped to 100.7.

Amram Scheinfeld, American heredity expert, has worked it out that America is headed towards a permanent surplus of from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 marriageable women—spinsters, divorcees or young widows—who will have to do without husbands.

The Swedish birthrate is today the world's lowest, due partly to emigration and partly to the fact that Swedish men marry late in life.

RED ARMYMAN

Salute, Tovarish!

Solving Housing Shortage

Factory-made Steel Houses

By PHILIP MURRAY

IN GREAT BRITAIN to-day plans are fast materialising for a huge co-ordinated building programme which will be put into operation when Germany has been defeated. There will first be an emergency period of two years during which the accumulated and urgent demands will be met, and then a 10-year schedule of rapid building.

One million homes must be built during the first two years of peace in Europe. To-day, however more than half of Britain's builders are serving in the forces or making munitions. Few of these men will leave their wartime jobs until Japan has been beaten.

The builders that remain will not be able to build more than 300,000 traditional brick houses during this period. A new technique of building was required to bridge the gap, so the British Government has decided that half a million temporary houses must be mass-produced in factories—houses that can be put up quickly by trained men without retarding in any way the 12-year plan for 4,000,000 traditional brick houses.

Tens of thousands of men and women have become accustomed during the war to working with steel of which there will be a surplus as soon as the munitions programme is cut. The prototype of the British Government's emergency house has, therefore, been designed to use steel so that parts can be turned out as quickly as airplane and tank parts have been during the war.

BENEFITS OF SCIENCE

Although families will live in these houses only until they can find more permanent homes, no effort has been spared to provide them with all the benefits of modern science while keeping the rent as low as possible, and well within the means of even the poorest workers.

Although the house is small—it covers an area of but 616 square feet—it contains a living room 14 feet 3 inches by 10 feet 1½ inches; two bedrooms each 12 feet 5½ inches by 10 feet 1½ inches; a kitchen 10 feet 2 3/4 inches by 7 feet 3½ inches; a bathroom, separate W.C. and a storage shed.

The house has been planned to give maximum areas to the rooms by avoiding corridors. Opening off the entrance hall are the kitchen bathroom and W.C. One of the bedrooms open off the kitchen, the other off the living room. The living room and kitchen are en suite separated by a glazed screen in the centre of which is a glazed door, giving an impression of space, and light.

Realising that immediately after the war it will be difficult to obtain furniture, the designers of this house have built in several fittings. To-day these fittings would be worth nearly £100 if they could be bought. Young housewives who have seen the prototype have all praised these fittings which are, perhaps, the outstanding feature of the house. Indeed, it is in the interior of the house, rather than in the shell that factory production has rendered its greatest service.

PLENTY OF CUPBOARDS

The two partitions between the kitchen and the first bedroom and between the living room and the second bedroom, are arranged as cupboards. On the kitchen side there is a larder with divided horizontal shelves. The lower shelves are for dry goods, and the upper shelves have been ventilated for the storage of perishable foods. There is a second built-in cupboard on the kitchen side for brooms and other loose kitchen equipment. Between the two cupboards is a hinged table, which folds vertically against the partition when not in use. All these cupboards are made of pressed steel.

On the bedroom side of this partition there is a full-height hanging wardrobe with horizontal hanging rail, and a short cupboard, shelved for containing personal linen. The bedroom side of this unit has mahogany plywood panels to the doors, which are framed in steel. The shelves are steel.

The cupboard unit between the living room and bedroom is also in steel with plywood panels to the fronts. On the living room side is a shelved china cupboard with three drawers underneath, and on the bedroom side are three cupboards—one for soiled linen, one to serve as a wardrobe and the third for clean linin.

The partition between the bathroom and the kitchen conceals a mechanism which is a miracle of modern science.

On the kitchen side there is a combined assembled cooker sink with two draining boards, and refrigerator, with drawers and cupboards below. On the bathroom side the bath and combined clothes-washing boiler and hand-washing bowl are built into the steel unit. The hot and cold water pipes and waste pipes are in the middle of this unit, together with the hot water circulating cistern.

METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION

Water is heated by a boiler fixed to the back of the heating stove in the living room. This stove burns either coal, coke or anthracite. An electric immersion heater, thermostatically controlled, is also fixed in the cistern to heat about seven gallons of water when the living room fire is not in use. The living-room stove also heats the kitchen and bedrooms by hot air ducts between the walls of the various rooms.

The method of construction of these houses has been planned so that over 90 per cent of the work is done in the factory. The wooden floors are in sections screwed direct to sheet steel joists. The walls are in panels of equal widths (except at the corners) into which are built the steel-framed windows. The panels are set on a sheet-steel sill at the floor level, and between similar vertical corner and middle posts. Three horizontal steel flats at the top centre and bottom are in the thickness of the wall. The sections are tightened up by means of steel wedges at the ends of these flats. At the joints of the sections special mastic seating are inserted to ensure perfectly weathertight joints.

The walls are built on the sandwich principle. The external side is sheet steel, swaged to provide stiffness and coated with flocculent anti-drum material on the inside to prevent noise. Internally the wall is lined with steel in the kitchen, bathroom, W.C. and all, and elsewhere designed to receive plywood or any on a light timber frame and faced on either side with aluminium foil. This gives the wall a resistance to heat equivalent to an 11 inches cavity brick wall.

The roof, pitched at 6½ degrees, has pressed metel joists at centres corresponding to the widths of the wall panels. These joists have their bottom members pressed in angle form at the ceiling level and at the top following the rake of the roof, the angles taking the sheet metel ceiling and roof respectively. The steel ceiling is plain, but the steel roof is swaged to obtain rigidity. Capping is placed externally at the joints of each section and adequate longitudinal steel bracings are introduced at the centre of the span. Above the ceiling level is placed aluminium foil mounted on timber frames similar to the wall panels.

EASY ASSEMBLY

The steel is bonderised, primed and painted except the roof, which is bonderised primed and tar sanded externally, which gives adequate protection from rusting.

The site work of erection is reduced to the minimum. Prior to delivery of the emergency factory-made house, a concrete slab is laid and tarred on the top surface, and the necessary services and drains are put in. Afterwards the floor sections are laid and bolted together on top of the concrete, and the end walls and side walls are positioned wedged and bolted, working from one end of the structure. The partitions cupboards and kitchen units are placed in position before the walls are erected. The placing of the roof, bearing on the outer walls and the internal central spine wall, is the last constructional operation.

At wartime price, this house, with its fittings is estimated to cost £550, but it is hoped to reduce the cost, under peace conditions. The house has been designed to meet an immediate requirement, and its life will be limited by licence. The British Government will own the houses and rent them to those in need of shelter.

CARDS ON THE TABLE

(Continued from page 2)

only my pride unbroken, she moaned as she quickly walked towards her lodging. It was late and the roads were getting deserted. She turned into a by-lane. There was no one in sight except a slouching young man who walked with tired feet a few yards in front of her. I will starve, thought Chandu Bala, but I don't care.....One has got to die some time .....Death.....Why not? It was a release from the ugliness and sordidness of life. Why not, then? Just a courageous plunge into the unknown .....What had she to live for, or if it came to that, what on?

Was every day of her life to be spent as today had been? Why not, then? The idea gripped her.....A passing car, a quick plunge, brakes grinding.....people collecting round..... murmurs of pity.....and it would all be over. No more wrestling with one's conscience, no more swallowing of one's pride, no more conflict between one's desires and the force of circumstances.....Why not, then? Chandu Bala saw in the distance the headlights of a car approaching and braced herself, tense and white-faced. She would do it.....God, she just couldn't bear any more unhappiness .....she would do it.....she would.....

The car drew nearer and nearer and when it was about twenty-five yards from her, Chandu Bala stood aghast, rooted to the spot, for the young man who walked in front of her suddenly hurled himself in front of the running car.....there was a shout from the driver.....the screech of brakes and doors and windows on either side of the street opening..... She stood, dazed. It wasn't she—no, it wasn't she who had jumped, it was somebody else.....it wasn't for her these few frightened people were collecting.....it was for somebody else who had been just as desperate and unhappy. She leaned against a lamp-post, her thoughts chaotic, her whole body trembling.

When she at last walked towards the car, the small crowd had disappeared except for two people who stood talking. And one of them, Chandu Bala suddenly realised with shocked surprise was the young man who had thrown himself in front of the car. So he had not been hurt, after all. She saw the other give him something—there was the clink of coins—then get into the car and drive off. The young man mechanically continued his walk Chandu Bala stooped and picked up a crushed piece of paper which lay on the ground, and walked quickly after the young man. "Excuse me," she said handing him the paper, "I think this is yours. "He seized it from her hand and crumpled it and threw it away. "It is of no use to me," he said bitterly. Chandu Bala picked it up again and smoothed it and looked at it under the lamp-post. It was the picture of an old beggar, leaning on a stick—well--drawn, but not the work of a brilliant or inspired artist. "It is a pretty picture," she said. He did not answer and she looked with pity at his thin young face and hungry eyes and faded clothes which told their own tale of misery and woe and poverty. Oh! but he was young, so young.

"You know," she said thoughtfully and a little wistfully, "I would have done it if you had not—I was thinking of it too.....I was walking just behind you."

He wheeled round on her.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded, astonished.

"I was wanting to die, too," she said simply. "If you hadn't jumped when you did, I would have," and added with a bitter smile, "and more successfully."

He looked at her for a long time without speaking. "So there were two of us", he said at last and taking her hand "Let us go and eat. I am hungry."

* * *

"And that", said Chandu Bala, still looking out of the window "is the whole sordid tale." She turned her head and looked at Dheeran and smiled a pathetic little smile. "There was nothing else to do", she said. They had dined in a cheap little hotel—on the money the gentleman in the car had given him—and were talking. He had told her his story and miserable enough it had been. He had been born and brought up in a middle-class family—his father was the head-clerk in an office—but had run away from home when he had just entered college, to make a living by painting. His father—he had no mother—had in a fury disinherited him and had refused to have anything more to do with him. He had devoted himself to Art, like many other misguided young men, and learnt the craft and technique of painting under a well-known artist.

But, too late, he had realised he had not the genius of the really great painter. He was only second-rate and could never be classed among the best—a good pavement-artist but nothing more. And what he could do brought no money with it, at least too little for anything but a mere hand-to-mouth existence. He had been too proud to go back to his father and had sickened and lost interest in his work and, at last, desperate, had decided to end it all.

"But even there" he said, "I had no luck. Fate is a cruel master. I ought to have been a pathetic little pile of broken bones by now, instead of which I am sitting in a hotel with food in my stomach bought with the money I was not too proud to accept and "he smiled boyishly and his whole face lit up, "the prettiest girl I have ever seen sitting across the table."

Chandu Bala looked at him long and thoughtfully. Sitting under the lamp light he looked incredibly young, almost a boy. The food had already removed the bitterness and despair from his eyes, the sulky mouth had grown young again. He wants to live, she said to herself, he doesn't wish for death now. His faith in God and man has already revived, while mine is dead, gone to pieces. But what did it matter? The struggle is over . . . . I am tired but alive still. I won't let Life overpower me . . . . Life is for living and I am going to live . . . .

The undisturbed, fragrant night was about them—clear, dewy and calm. The young moon smiled pensively in a cloudless sky.

Somewhere close-by a clock struck twelve.

"It is midnight", said Chandu Bala thoughtfully, "the end of a long eventful day."

"I didn't think it possible this morning to be so much at peace with the world as I am now." His voice held wonder.

"You know", she said smiling thoughtfully again, "this evening I have made up my mind to—to—even to sell myself? I was desperate." The boy looked at her compassionately. "As bad as that?" he asked.

"Yes, I had been without food for almost three days. I couldn't bear it any longer. Honour didn't seem to matter. I made up my mind to do it", she laughed softly to herself. "But I didn't. He nauseated me. He spoke to me as if I were a whore . . . . . I could have struck him, I was so furious" and then triumphantly, "I couldn't eat his dinner after that, could I?" There was a long silence. Words hung unspoken between them . . . .Strange words . . . sweet words . . . . tired words. And then she spoke and he knew what she was going to say even before she said it. "This wouldn't be selling, would it?" she said: "This would be giving."

"Oh, but I have nothing to give you . . . . . " he faltered, his voice very young. Chandu Bala laid the crumpled picture on the table between them and smiled at him with the simplicity of a child. "You can give me this", she said.

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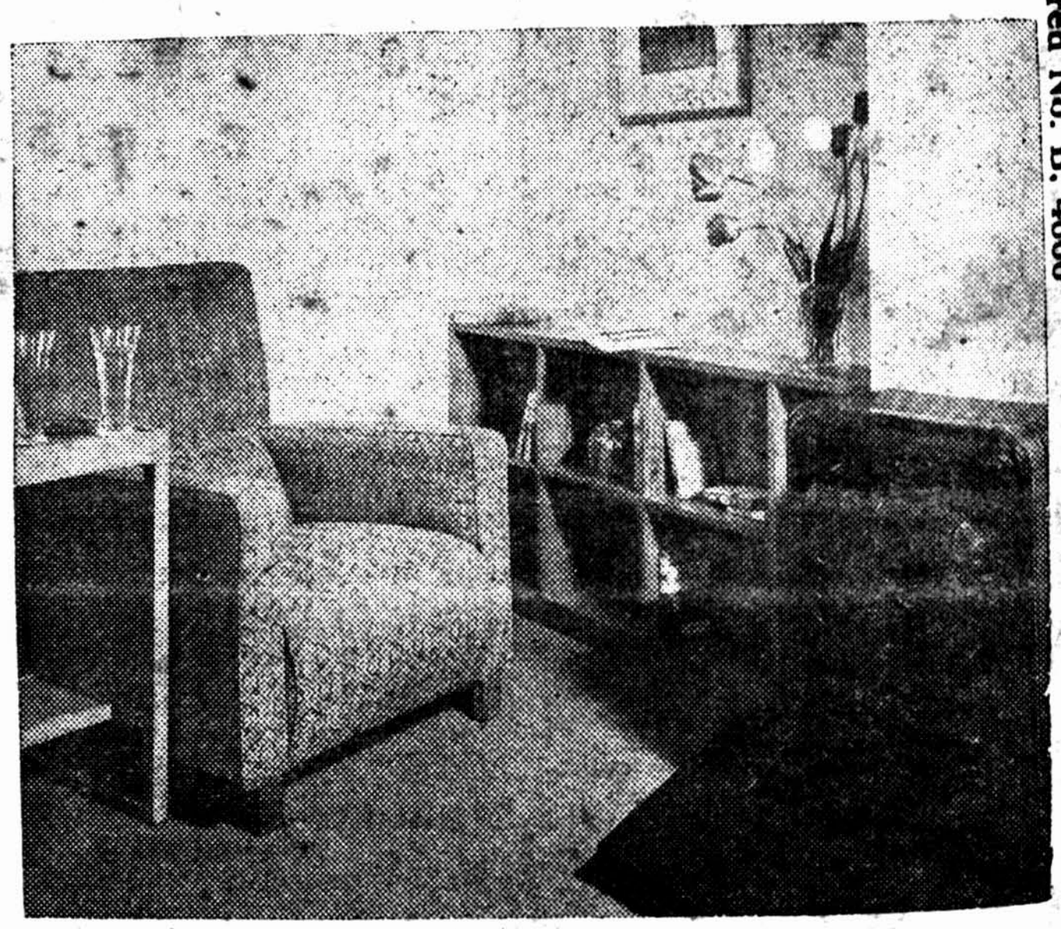
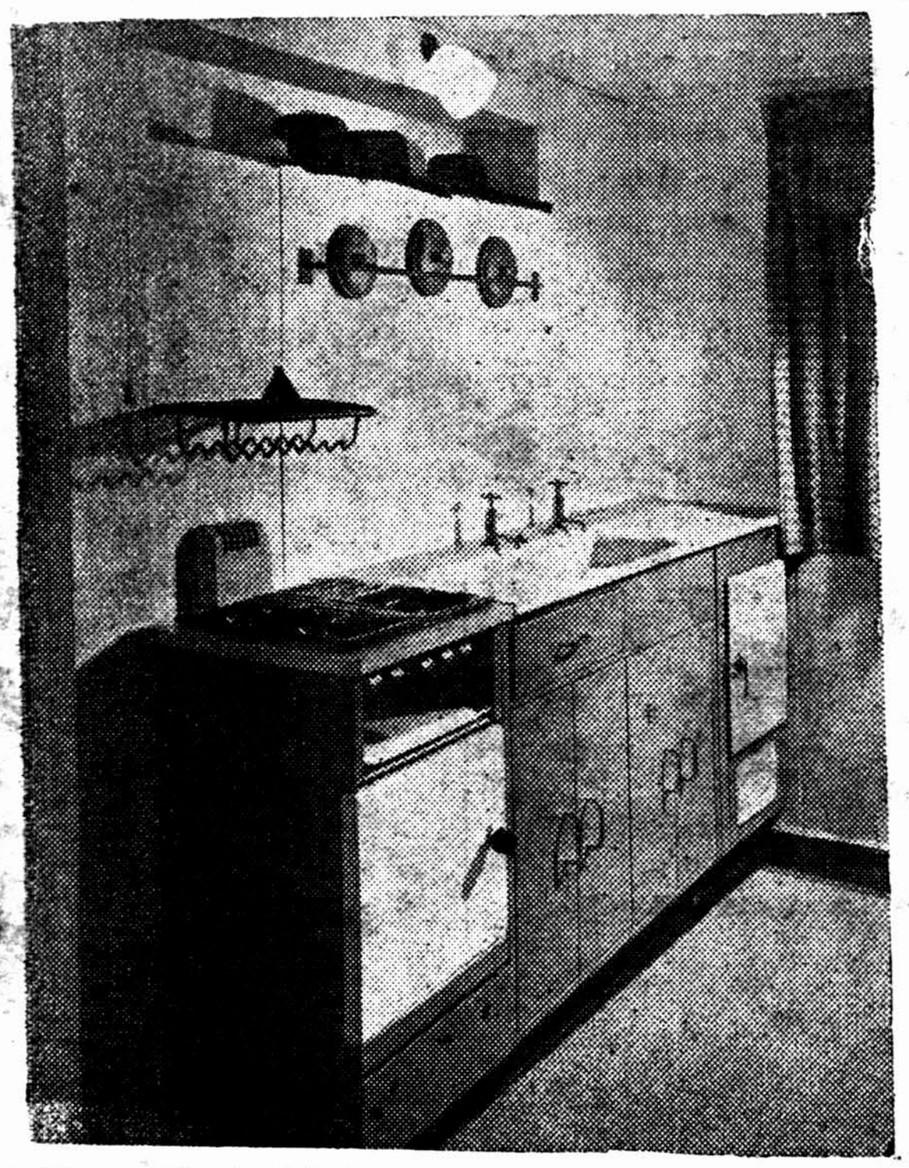
Britain Plans Her Homes

Registered No. B. 4666

In order to meet the post-war housing shortage the British Government have decided to build half a million emergency steel houses. These are mass-produced in factories and can be erected on selected sites in a few days. Although intended to stay as temporary homes, these houses are provided with all the benefits of modern science, while the rents are kept within the means of the workers. Factory production has aided the interior comfort. Hanging wardrobes, steel cupboards in all rooms, a hinged dining table, a refrigerator, an economical water heating system, and bedrooms heated by air ducts, are a few of the features which will please all housewives.

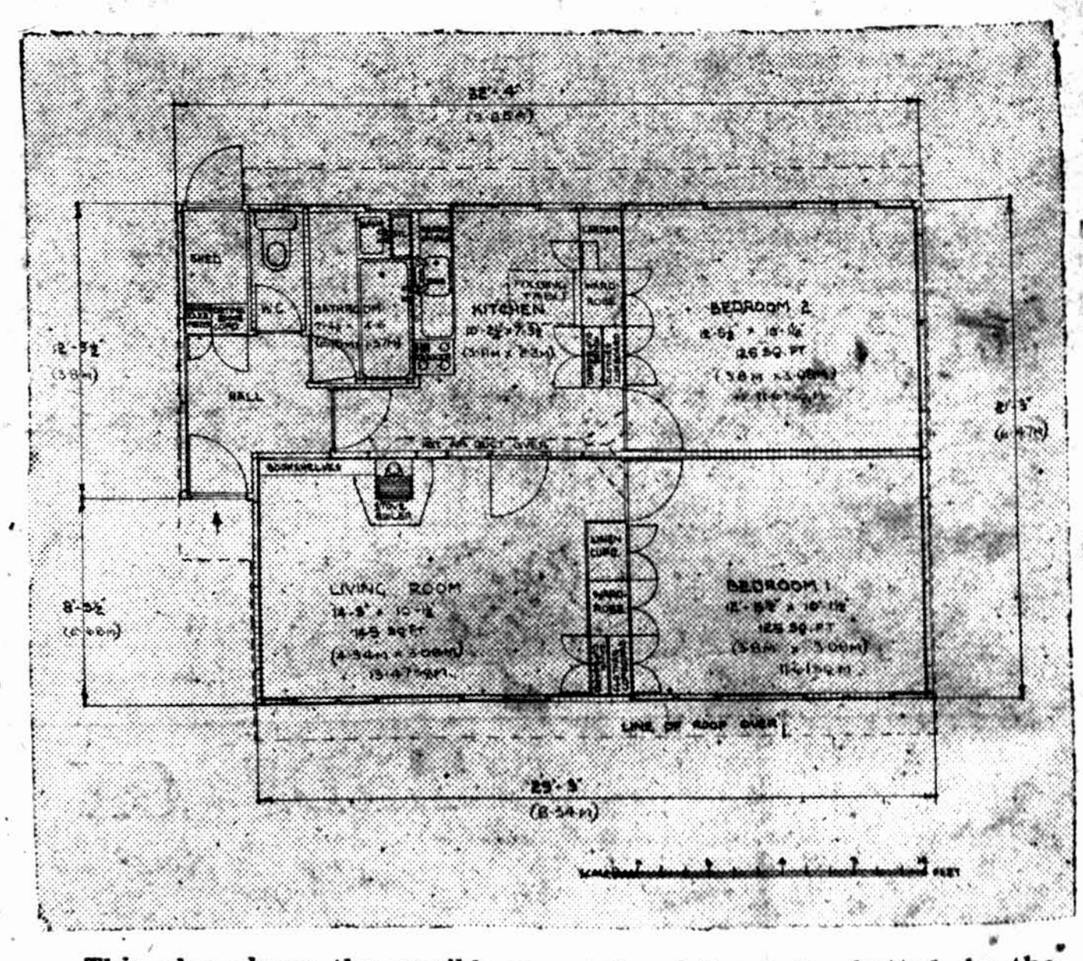


This view of the living room, with its plain walls and built-in bookshelves, indicates the taste displayed throughout. The stove burns coal, coke or anthracite, and heats the water for all domestic purposes.

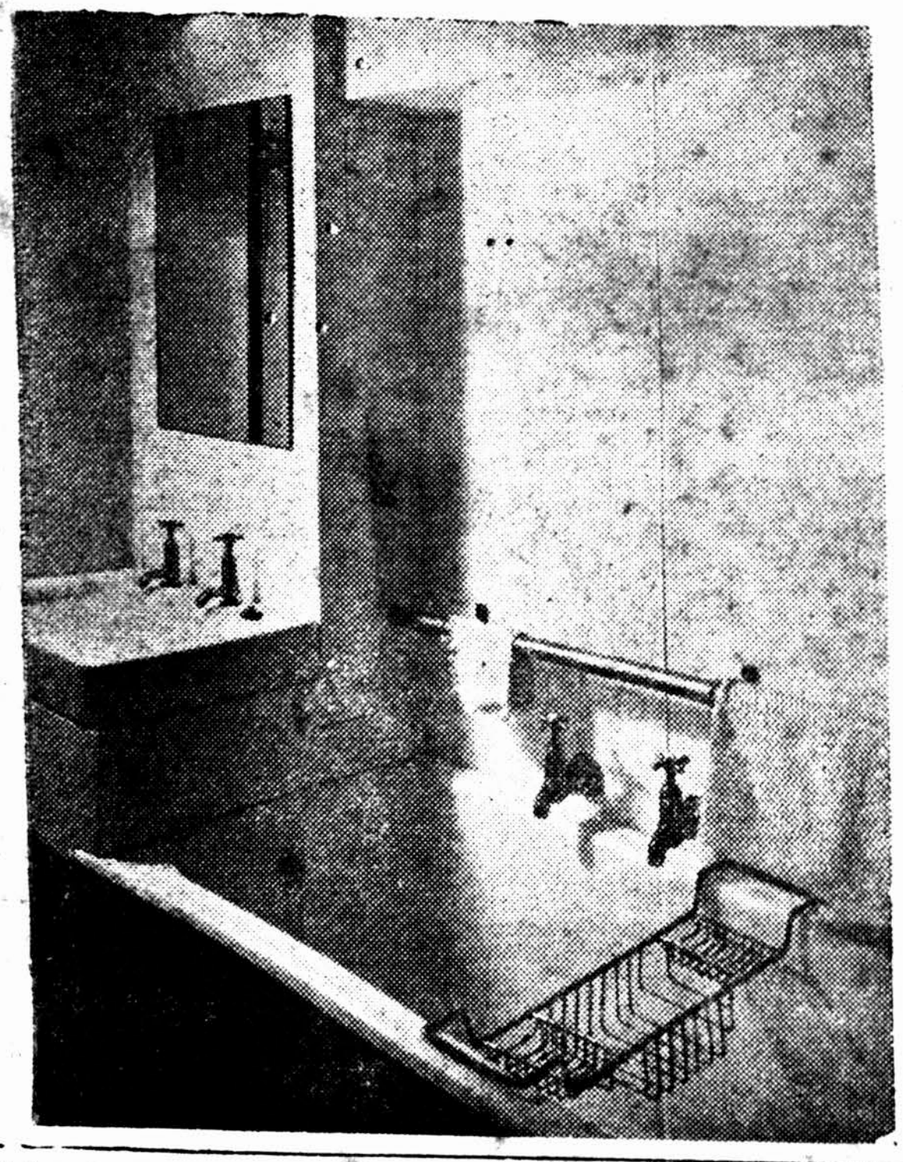


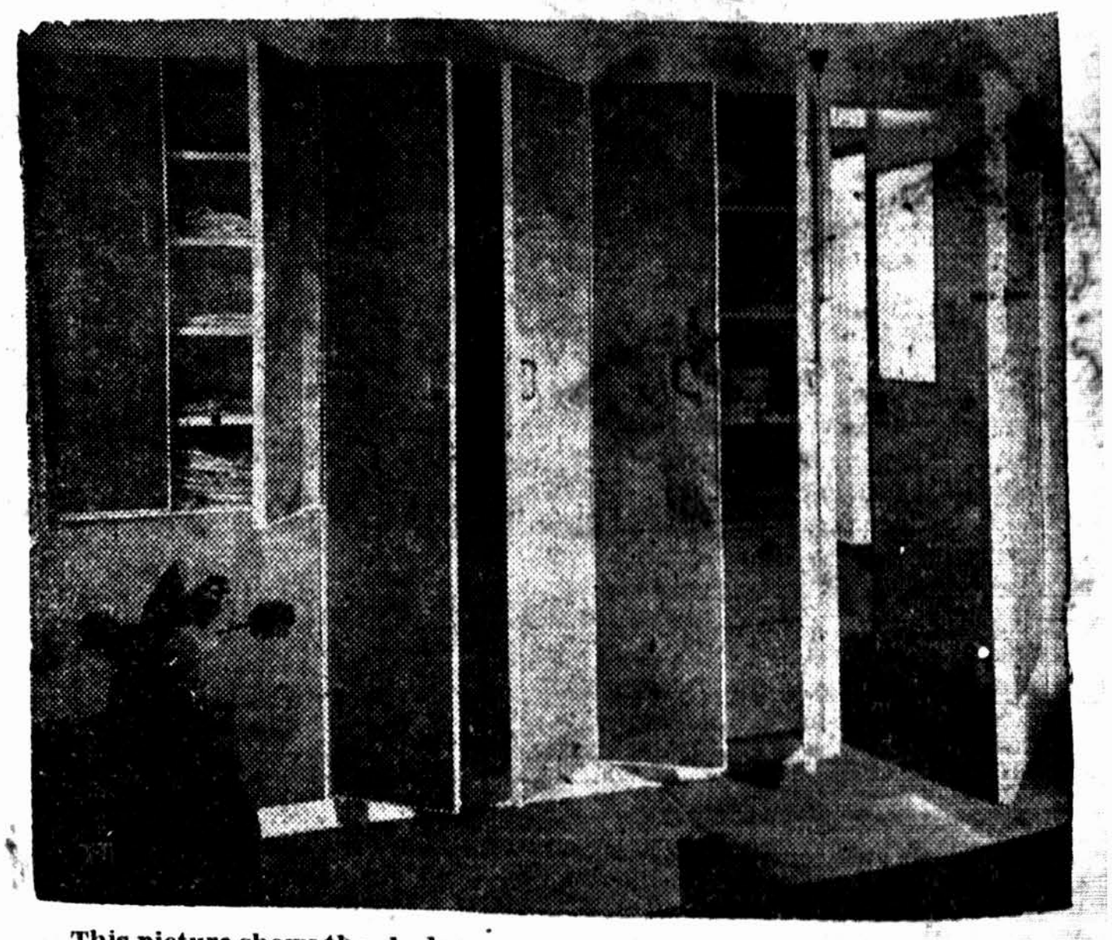
The partition wall between the kitchen and bathroom conceals a mechanism which is a miracle of modern science. This picture shows the kitchen side, with a combined unit comprising cooker, refrigerator, sink with two draining boards, drawers and cupboards, and saucepan rack.

The picture below shows the bathroom side, which has bath, basin and clothes-washing boiler built into the steel wall. Towel rail and mirror are fitted.



This plan shows the sensible use made of the area allotted, by the avoidance of corridors and the compact arrangement of the domestic office.





This picture shows the bedroom cupboard of pressed steel with mahogany plywood panels. The centre cupboards is a hanging wardrobe, and the others have steel shelves.

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